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LIMBS OF THE MIND

"AS our bodies, to be in health, must be *generally* exercised, so our minds, to be in health, must be *generally* cultivated. You would not call a man healthy who had strong arms, but was paralytic in his feet; nor one, who could walk well, but had no use of his hands; nor one, who could see well, if he could not hear. You would not voluntarily reduce your bodies to any such partially-developed state. Much more, then, you would not, if you could help it, reduce your minds to it. Now, your minds are endowed with a vast number of gifts of totally different uses; limbs of mind as it were, which, if you don't exercise, you cripple. One is curiosity; that is a gift, a capacity of pleasure in knowing, which, if you destroy, you make yourselves cold and dull. Another is smypathy; the power of sharing in the feelings of living creatures, which, if you destroy, you make yourselves hard and cruel. Another of your limbs of mind is admiration; the power of enjoying beauty or ingenuity, which if you destroy, you make yourselves base and irreverent. Another is wit; or the power of playing with the lights on the many sides of truth, which if you destroy, you make yourselves gloomy, and less useful and cheering to others than you might be. So that, in choosing your way of work, it should be your aim, as far as possible, to bring out all these faculties as far as they exist in you; not one merely, nor another; but all of them. And the way to bring them out, is simply to concern yourselves attentively with the subjects of each faculty. To cultivate sympathy, you must be among living creatures, and thinking about them; and to cultivate admiration, you must be among beautiful things and looking at them!!

RUSKIN.

BEAUTY'S INFLUENCE

Some considerable time ago, whilst idly turning over the pages of a book picked up at random in a library, my eye was arrested by these words :—

"All intense beauty is pathetic and makes one think of poor illusions and unavailing dreams."

I have long since forgotten the name of the book, its author and everything about it, assuming I ever took the trouble to observe these, but the phrase has lingered quite clear in my mind.

Ponder on it awhile. Is it not true? One would say it is a strange thought that beauty should create sadness, and yet I think it is a sweet sadness.

Consider the great beauty of Mother Nature. How many of us can watch a glorious sunset without a sigh? Or survey some beautiful landscape without feeling very small and feeble, and withal a little pathetic.

Again, how does the average human being react to the influence of music, really good music. Does it not induce tears more often than laughter? I have known people, who will not listen to music if they can avoid it, because it makes them sad.

Certain it is that music, being as it is, a direct appeal to the emotions, excites people who are temperamentally sensitive to outside influences, quicker than almost anything else.

The Poet, writing of the beauty and grace of his Muse, is often a little melancholy. Is it her beauty which makes him sad?

One can only suppose that intense beauty in its appeal to our emotions, is calling not only to our appreciation of the beautiful, but to the secret idealist in us all, the part of us, which craves for more beauty all around us and a purer and sweeter life. What high ideals we cherished when we were children and yet have so often forgotten! Our swift-moving thoughts cannot but recollect how bruised and distorted our ideals have become in the scramble of everyday life; how we have dreamed and how far our dreams are from fruition. And so we feel sad.

And yet, is it not good for us to be reminded of these ideals of ours, although we may never realise them? Can we not observe the beauty that we are permitted to see and let its gentle influence permeate our minds and refresh our drooping illusions, determining to keep the ideals of our childhood always in the foreground of our thoughts and strive to live up to them?

If we may be thus inspired by beauty, whether it be the glories of Nature, or the treasures with which gifted men and women have enriched the world, then our sadness will be but a passing thought which leads to inspiration, and who knows, perhaps our dreams may not prove unavailing after all.

A PASSER-BY

THE INDIAN WOMAN AND HER HOME.

IS it right for a woman to devote all her energies to the creation of a happy home, and to ignore entirely any activity which does not come within the circle of her domestic world? Does she lose her feminine charm, if her interests carry her into the strenuous field of politics or social service? Does she become masculine, if she advocates freedom for women and equal rights with men? These questions can be answered in various ways, according to the temperament of those who tackle them. Opinions differ to such an extent in the India of today, that it is neither easy nor correct, to generalise or come to a hasty conclusion. Women reformers will say that it is right for their sisters to sacrifice their homes and help their country; while bashful housewives will say that there is no happier place than the dark recesses of their little houses. These, however, are the opinions of women; but, what do men say? I think it is easier, on the whole, to come to a conclusion with regard to their thoughts on this subject. They far prefer quiet, homely women to the forward and bold. Even the most advanced and educated man, however much he may admire women, who are as educated and intelligent as himself, prefers to have an unassuming wife at home. Speaking of working women, Philip Gibbs says, "It is curious how the professional woman, meeting many men, is so often left solitary. The boys who have sat in her rooms go away one by one and marry—other women. They have given her their confidences, have been glad in their time of her comradeship, but other girls—the feminine girls —get their hearts."

Yes, this truth cannot be denied, that men prefer the quiet "stay at home" girls, to those who are advanced in social progress; especially does this apply to our Indian men of today. I think the chief cause of this preference on the part of men is because our women go too far when a little freedom is granted to them. Naturally, a man likes to be sure of his wife; and with the example which some of our present-day educated women are setting, clamouring for independence, and neglecting their homes to achieve this freedom, how can we expect them to be otherwise? We cannot wish for the protection of a husband, and at the same time expect to leave him and wander about the world on our own. It is not fair on the man. This, however, is what is actually happening in the case of some of our women, and therefore, our men go to the other extreme, and secure wives who are ignorant and uneducated, in order that they may at least have a good cook, if not a congenial companion.

The unassuming quiet women, however, are inclined to go too far, and make a fetish of their homes and children. They do

not realise that there is a world outside their homes. They give themselves no recreation, neither do they strive to help those around them. Their families are the be-all and the end-all of their existence. If they are asked why they do not come to parties or social functions, they reply ; "We have so many children, we cannot leave them and come." Alas, can they not train their children to be without them even for an hour? True, it is hateful when a mother leaves her children over-much to the care of her servants; but, there is also the other side of the question, that the children should not be spoilt. Of course in the case of those who cannot afford to keep an Ayah, it is natural, that a mother should wish to forego her hours of recreation, and sacrifice herself for her children; but many of our women, who are rich, spend their time from morning till evening looking after their little ones, and it is surprising to note, that in spite of all this personal care, the training of them is not extraordinarily good. Surely, mothers can lose no part of their feminine charm, if they go out with their husbands of an evening, and share his enjoyments to a certain extent.

Cooking is another bug-bear among our women. I have heard rich ladies complaining that they had no time even to write letters, because they had to spend their whole day in the kitchen. Strange that so many of our Indian women, in spite of their generosity and sympathy, generally should have a very small staff of servants and be unable to manage even those satisfactorily. Cannot they train their servants well enough to decrease their own work? Why is it necessary for a woman to peal vegetables all the morning, when she can easily spare the money to have a servant to do that same duty? The woman of the house ought to be able to train her servants so thoroughly, that they will be able to relieve her effeciently of her more strenuous duties. Of course, every woman ought to know cooking, and also practise it in her home, for there are some things which she can always prepare better than any servant; but, this is a different matter from being a household drudge.

Another habit, which many of our women have, is their stubbornness in refusing to join their husbands in games and other social activities. Take Tennis, for instance. It does not matter how excellently a women may play the game; but she refuses point-blank to be her husband's partner in public. Only in the precincts of her ladies' club will she show her prowess, and customs and convention come to prevent her from stepping out into the lime-light. If a woman thinks there is no harm in coming forward, why cannot she be bold enough to break these old-world habits, instead of pandering to them?

I think that to a great extent, our men are also to blame, for they are so satisfied with existing conditions that they take no trouble to alter them. Nay, I should not be surprised, if in the inner domestic world, they do not give little lectures to their wives for coming forward, although, outwardly, they smile and say that it is their wives' fault for not advancing. Perhaps some men are on the whole rather jealous of us, women, and prefer to have us ignorant and shy, so that they can at any time make a parade of their superiority over us! I humbly beg their pardons, if they think I am wrong in making this statement!

Another fact which comes rather hard on our women is that many of them, who are willing to have a little recreation in the evenings, cannot do so, because their husbands are too busy to spare their cars. Alas, is it not high time that men should think of the pleasure of their wives a little more?

Yes, there should be a little more give and take between men and women in modern India. On the one hand, a man should no longer expect his wife to be the passive, submissive creature which she has been all these years; and, on the other hand, the woman should not forget her womanliness and her little domestic world in her new-born ardour to achieve freedom. There should be a half-way house, where men and women can meet on a basis of happy companionship.

We do not want women, who are nothing more than domestic slaves; neither do we want women who are frightened at the very thought of an hour's quiet leisure at home, and are on the look-out for excitement and new thrills, like some of our sisters in the West. We must have women, who can strike the happy mean, and practise love and sympathy and kindliness in the world, without stepping out of their feminine compass and too arbitrarily usurping the rights of men.

As Tennyson says,

"Woman is not undevelopt man,
But diverse: could we make her as the man,
Sweet Love were slain: his dearest bond is this,
Not like to like, but like in difference."

At the same time,

"The woman's cause is man's: they rise or sink
Together, dwarf'd or godlike, bond or free;
If she be small, slight-natured, miserable,
How shall men grow?"

PADMINI SATTHIANADHAN.

FRIENDSHIP AND FRIENDS.

OF all the words used by humanity, the word, Friend, is the most misused, vague, and degraded. Ordinarily, it is applied to a companion, one who satisfies some desire; or one we go to places with frequently, or intermittently. But a companion may be one looked up to, one who inspires the best in us; or one looked down to as useful. Some we may buy, or others we may sell ourselves to at a price.

Writers, philosophers, and students of human relations, have defined Friendship—none have held a like conception. It cannot be standardized; at least, not without a common philosophy of life. Like love, it has only the creative capacity, comparative to the ideals, purposes, and ends, to which it relates. None have so perfected its art and meaning, but that another can elevate its end, and immortalize it by the example of deeds; thereby dedicating an eternal example.

Of what solid merit is it to be profusely described and addressed as Friend, unless we know wherein we merit it? One looks askance at her and him, who declare to you their host of friends.

Friendship may classify two groups—those who merit it—those who qualify in giving it.

Of the first, are those great and inspiring in themselves, striving toward greater and better ideals, a refinement and perfection of living;who are ever besieged and abused by introverted egotistical families, stagnating customs, religions, and States. They have the spirit of youth, the desire to know fact, the courage to face reality. Their aim is to know, to find truth through the thorough analysis of the nature of all things. Their vision may be temporarily lacking. Their resources may be limited, and err thereby; but the passion in their soul to find justice through the nature of things, and not in opinions, makes them human, courageous, and tolerant for right. They are ambitious to grow through application, and are worthy of support.

Of the second, are those who qualify and live to exemplify by deeds—not as busy-bodies or philanthrophists; who are dignified, dynamic, yet graceful and charming persons; who have been tried, tested, scared, their soul burned deep with the delusionment and hypocrisy of the world. They forbid the acquisitor, and lend their strength to push upward, outward, and beyond with those, who create for woman and man. Their bodies may have sinned orthodoxly. They may no longer be polished or beautiful. But their charm is patience, and perseverance of personality!—none can escape it. To them we are drawn magnetically—fascinated. With them we find peace, contentment, knowledge, activity,

and life itself They do not thrust upon us their years. Their way is not to mock or ridicule individuals, to betray confidence, or to degrade. From them shines a light, a vision, not unlike the universal realities of being, of hopes and struggles, neither here, nor there that, have striven in the unalloyed human soul eternally, knowing neither race, nor creed, but the creative drive of the universe.

Lastly, dear reader, true, there is an external utilitarian value in being an artist, tradesman, writer, member of an organization or sect, but to be separate from these, in your own right—a personality—a Friend of Woman or man, is to honor more truly, and fulfil, the purpose for which you exist.

The time for you to extend or receive the title, Friend, is when the task is done. But, rest assured that some day something will be written of two whose example of friendship in deeds will be of a kind the world has never known; to which all the race will give homage, loyal, creative, so true, honorable to its species, that no sect, race, or State can corrupt, intimidate, buy, or prostitute it.

NAPOLEON BERNARD.

SISTER NIVEDITA

THE world is mortal. Many great people have passed away, leaving only their name and fame behind. One such was Sister Nivedita.

She was born in Ireland on October 28, 1867. Her name was Miss Nobel. Her father was an English clergyman, who dedicated his life to the service of the poor of his dear country. He was simple, open-hearted and generous, and possessed all the good and pure qualities of a saint. His character had much influence on his little daughter. One day, one of his friends, who was a preacher in India, came to him on a visit. He was much struck by the earnestness of the child's face, and foretold that she would spend her life in India, working for the welfare of the people. The father was much pleased to hear this, for he himself was a lover of India.

Much attention was paid to the child's education. From her childhood she was an unselfish girl, and, as soon she finished her schooling, she made the service of mankind the aim of her life.

With the idea of doing something for the illiterate people of her country, she started a club, and founded a school at Wimbledon, London. She cherished dreams of a new method in education, and of a work which should enlarge the scope of learning from

mere instruction to a real awakening of the mind. She was thus busy with her educational schemes, when Swami Vivekananda reached London, to speak about the greatness of his country in the West.

Votaries and votaresses came to pay their homage to the great Saint. One of these was Miss Nobel. At first, she did not agree with his views. But soon the time came when she had to bow herself before that great spiritual guide. She promised the Swami to help him in his work of educating women, and in the early part of 1898 she sailed for India with the firm intention of serving the country throughout her life.

She came to India, and visited many cities. studying Eastern civilization, and the great spirituality of the past. In the course of her wanderings, she reached Calcutta and determined to live there.

Now she called herself Sister Nivedita, and was firmly resolved to help Indian women. For this purpose, it was necessary for her to win a place for herself in orthodox Hindu Society. But how to solve this intricate problem was the question before her, for she was a Christian. But she had an extraordinary courage and a great spirit and she eventually surmounted all the obstacles that barred her way.

She began to live in the midst of orthodox surroundings. She had to do all her domestic duties herself, for no Hindu servant would serve her at first. She had to live on fruits, for there could be no cooking for many days. Still, she bore with all her troubles, through her love for Indian women.

The locality where she lived was a dirty one. She requested the neighbours to keep it clean, but they did not pay any heed to her advice. The sister could not bear to see it, so she herself swept and cleaned it every day. At last, the people were influenced and took up the work themselves.

Soon, she became famous for her generous deeds. She won the hearts of the people by her pure, simple and gentle nature. She was very kind to orphans and widows, and helped them in many ways. "It is a wonderful story—how little by little she completely won the heart of the people by her patient love. At first the children of the neighbourhood came. This led to the establishment of a kindergarton school. Their mothers were not to be left behind; they too were drawn in and a separate class for grown-up women came to be started. Orphans and widows found in her a sympathetic heart, always ready to succour, and they were taken in to be trained by her as teachers. In this way, 'The House of the Sisters' was established in the heart of the orthodox community." Many Americans and Europeans visited her, and returned with a great sympathy for India.

A TALENTED ANDHRA LADY ARTIST.

Miss R. Krishna Bai, B.A., L.T., the Lady Artist of Rajamundry, who was the recipient of a prize at the All-India Teachers' Federation held recently at Madras and of a gold medal in the Park Fair Exhibition for fine arts, has recently produced a fine painting "Queen Meera Bai," which has been selected and sent by the Government of India to the Exhibition, Imperial Art Gallery, London.

PRESS PHOTO BUREAU

A TALENTED MADRAS LADY MUSICIAN.

Miss R. Rukmani Ammal, daughter of Mr. K. Rengasawmy Iyenagar, Deputy Inspector of Schools, Polour, is a first year student of Lady Willingdon Medical School for Women, Egmore, and the recipient of two medals at the recent competitions awarded by the Music Academy of Madras. This is indeed a rare recognition. Her song the other day at the Museum Theatre, Madras, in aid of the Madras Seva Sadan, held under the distinguished patronage of Their Excellencies Sir George and Lady Beatrix Stanley, was very much appppreciated.

PRESS PHOTO BUREAU.

It was about this time that plague broke out in Calcutta. The death-rate began to increase. She organized a band of youths to help at this important time. She herself began to nurse the plague patients, taking her life into her hands, and was able to save the lives of many people.

Nor was this all. In 1907, a severe famine attacked Eastern Bengal, in addition to a heavy flood. People began to die of starvation. Many ran away: some killed themselves; many became homeless and wandering beggars. The news reached the sister and she felt so much for the pitiable condition of the distressed people that we are told she wept.

She visited village after village and begged for charity to relieve the distress of the famine and flood-stricken people. Her wanderings through the flooded and submerged lands, and her heavy work undermined her health and she was attacked by a severe type of Malaria. Her friends asked her to go to some healthier spot, but she would not leave the lane which had given her shelter.

In addition to all this, she was a great writer. Her style of writing is very fascinating and is at once beautiful and strong, grave and concentrated, poignant and charming. She made her readers feel what they read. She wrote several books, the greatest of which is the "Web of Indian Life". Says a critic of her: "Intellectually, the late Sister was cast in the mould of giants. None can read her books, her writings, without feeling that he is face to face with a singularly original, rich and powerful mind. But her splendid intellectual gifts were the least part of her greatness. It is not the encyclopaedic learning, not even the surpassing literary skill, nor the glow of the rich poetic fancy, that irradiates her writings, which gives them their peculiar and haunting power. What is it, then, that so profoundly stirs us in her writings, and wherein doth their inspiration consist? The inspiration lies in their soul-elements. It is by their sincerity, their feeling for righteousness, their white heat of spiritual fervour, as of deep calling unto deep, that her writings are glorified. And hence it is, that the reader is not merely pleased and fascinated, but also ennobled, purified and exalted. The writings of a person are after all but a meagre revelation of the author's personality. And Sister Nivedita was far greater than her writings. How, indeed, can her writings be expected to picture for us, adequately, a personality, so white in its purity, so radiant in its selflessness, so powerful in its agony of austerity and prayer, so transfigured by its passion for service and holiness of self-dedication?"

Not only was the Sister a writer of rare ability, who pierced into the very innermost of things, but she was also a powerful speaker. When she spoke on some subject with her sweet and

melodious voice, a deep silence would prevail as if the whole audience was enchanted.

But her life was cut short. She became so ill that she had to be taken to Darjeeling for a change. But the final day approached, and Death laid his icy hands on her. It was a sorrowful day, which witnessed the death of a true patriot and a true lover of mankind.

Sister Nivedita was a true interpreter of Indian life. She wanted Indians to shake off the spirit of parasitism, and be Indian, but Indian in a modern way. "The new form without the old strength is nothing but a mockery;" she said. "Almost equally foolish is the savage anachronism of an old-time power without fit expression. India cannot afford to imitate foreign institutions. Neither can she afford to remain ignorant of foreign ideals."

Her contribution to the cause of Indian womanhood was a great one. Speaking of the Hindu mother, she says: "Transcending the wife's, which may fluctuate with the sweetness bestowed upon it, the mother's affection, by its very nature, grows deeper with deep need, and follows the beloved even into hell. A yearning love that can never refuse us; a benediction that for ever abides with us; a presence from which we cannot grow away; a heart in which we are always safe; sweetness unfathomed, bond unbreakable, holiness without a shadow, all these indeed, and more, is motherhood. And so the idea of the sanctity of motherhood, based on the inviolability of marriage, finds due and logical completion in the still greater doctrine of the sacredness of religious celibacy. The mother, entering into the prison of a sweet dedication, that she may bestow upon her own child the mystery of breath, makes possible in his eyes, by the perfect stainlessness of her devotion, the thought of that other life whose head touches the stars."

Of the Indian wife she says: "Cloistered and veiled, she devotes herself to one name, one thought, yet is never known to betray the fact, even as the nun steals away in secret to kneel before the Blessed Sacrament. The ideal that she, like the nun, pursues, is that of a vision which merges the finite in the infinite, making strong to mock at separation or even at change. And that point to be reached in practice is that where the whole world is made beautiful by the presence in it of the beloved, where the hungry are fed, and the needy relieved, out of a joyful recognition that they were a common humanity with his; and where, above all, the sense of unrest and dissatisfaction is gone for ever, in the overflowing fulness of a love that asks no return except the power of more abundant loving."

She asks the question whether the Hindu woman is uneducated? "A census-taking, index-making age conceives that

without literacy there is no education, as if to read the Strand Magazine were greater than to be the mother of Shakespeare. With such an age, it is difficult to argue regarding the existing education of a Hindu woman. Yet, if a thorough training in national mode of living, and that extremely complicated, be an education, she has something; for the ordinary wife can act in any capacity, from that of cook or dairy-mistress to that of chief of commissariat and general administrator for a hundred or more persons. If a knowledge of language, poetry, and folk-lore, with all thereby concocted of logical and imaginative development, form an education, she has this, sometimes to the extent of understanding and reciting works in Sanskrit. More: poor women who may not be able to read and write are deeply, and even passionately, possessed of the spirit of the ancient culture. The philosophy of Maya, not seldom bewildering to the Western *savant*, has no difficulty for them. They understand to a hair the meaning of the word *Nirvana* It is no one special command to deny oneself and take up a cross and follow, that has weight with them; but the bearing of the great law of renunciation on the personal realization of freedom. Add to all this the inbred habit of life in community, and it will appear that under the old scheme women found not only a training and discipline, but also a career."

She wanted the Hindu women to be modernised; "It is clear that as the objective of the old education of Indian women lay in character, the new cannot aim lower. The distinctive element therefore, in their future training cannot be reading and writing—though these will undoubtedly grow more common—but the power to grasp clearly and with enthusiasm the ideas of nationality, national interests, and the responsibility of the individual to race and country." She had a wonderful idea of India, of her history, her literature, her culture, her art. Her views on the latter are worth noting.

"Art must be reborn, not the miserable travesty of would-be Europeanism that we at present know. There is no voice like that of art, to reach the people. A song, a picture, these are the fiery cross that reaches all the tribes, and makes them one. And art will be reborn, for it has found a new subject—India herself. Ah, to be a thinker in bronze and give to the world the beauty of the Southern Pariah, as he swings, scarce clad, along the Beach Road at Madras! Ah to be a Millais, and paint the woman worshipping at dawn beside the sea. Oh! for a pencil, that would interpret the beauty of the Indian Sari; the gentle life of village and temple: the coming and going at the Ganges side; the play of the children, the faces, and the labours, of the cows!"

She has been called a great nationalist. "It was through her spoken and written word that the idea of nationality became a

living and absorbing force", wrote Mr, S. K. Ratcliffe, in the *Daily News*.

She was one of the true champions of India, who sacrificed her life for the welfare of the country, who was a true appreciator of the Indian culture, who was an earnest advocate of all that is best in the modern woman's movement, who had but one wish throughout her life, viz: the wish of service and service alone.

KAPOOR CHANDRA JAIN.

SOME DISEASES OF MAL-NUTRITION AND DEFICIENCY.

EVEN as far back as 2000 years ago, Hippocrates recognized diseases of faulty nutrition. He said, "Wherefore it appears to me necessary for every physician, to be skilled in nature and to strive to know, if he would wish to perform his duties, what man is in relation to the articles of food and drink and to his other occupations and what are the effects of each of them to every one". It is however only within the last 25 years that the attention of the medical profession has been directed to this study.

The functions of food are to rebuild the living tissues, to supply energy and to preserve a proper medium in which the bio-chemical processes of the body can take place. Derangements of nutrition and therefore of health must result if the food taken fails adequately to subserve these functions. The architecture of the living tissues becomes imperfect; transformation of energy in the body becomes deranged and metabolic processes become disordered with the consequent production of toxic metabolites.

The failure of food to subserve these functions is mainly due to the insufficient provision, in the diet, of one or other of its essential constituents, viz: suitable proteins, inorganic salts and vitamins.

The first effect of such unsatisfactory food is the low standard of physical efficiency induced in man.

In no country in the world is this more clearly manifested than in India, where mal-nutrition is so wide-spread and where food habits are so much controlled by custom and by prejudice. There is a wide difference in physique in the different races of India.

The poor physique, and the lack of vigour and endurance of certain Southern and Eastern races of India are in sharp contrast to the fine physique and hardiness of certain stalwart races of the North. This is a very bold statement, but these

differences are in the main attributable to differences in the biological value of their national diets.

The Sikh diet is made up of whole wheat flour cakes, milk, butter, dhal, abundance of green vegetables and fresh meat. The Madrasee diet is made up of washed polished rice, dhal (sparingly), vegetables with condiments, *Itli*, *Dhosai*, *Vadai*, (cakes of various kinds) coffee with very little milk, buttermilk occasionally and ghee very sparingly. The Sikh diet is therefore of high biological value and the Madrasee diet is of low biological value.

The people of East Bengal are superior in health and physique to the people of West Bengal. The Eastern Bengalees get plenty of fish and milk, whereas these are available to very few in Western Bengal in the proper quality.

In addition to lowering the standard of physical efficiency, food which is faulty in respect of either of the three necessary ingredients, viz: protiens, salts and vitamins, gives rise to many minor manifestations of ill-health, leading to a functional inefficiency of one of the other organs and tissues of the body. It is only the gross evidence of malnutrition that is recognized clinically; the lesser manifestations often escape observation, though they affect the health of individuals to a degree most important to themselves. Some of the latter are: Night blindness, dental caries, *Berriberi*, Pellagra, Keratomalaciea (softening of the bones) Scurvy, Rickets, slow healing of fractures, sterility, stone in the bladder, anaemia, constipation, Intestinal stasis, diseases of the Gastro-intestinal tract, unhealthy skin etc.

One of the most important means by which disease is brought about by faulty nutrition in man is by increasing his susceptibility to infectious diseases. There is no doubt that cholera, dysentry, diarrhoea, colitis and gastro-intestinal catarrhs are largely predisposed by deficiencies of one kind or another in regard to food nutrition. The incidence of cholera in Madras is forty times greater than it is in the Punjab. In Madras city, gastro-intestinal diseases are responsible for 40 per cent of all deaths. In the norh-east coast of Madras, Berriberi is epidemic. In the Madras Presidency, 300,000 deaths annually are due to fevers, a great proportion of which is malaria. There are about 120,000 lepers in the Madras Presidency, and faulty nutrition is one of the main causes of their fell disease. Tuberculosis is now widely prevalent both in rural and urban areas. In Madras, the infant death rate is as high as 500 in 1000 births. A large proportion of infantile deaths have malnutrition as their root cause. Malnutrition of infants is largely due to malnutrition of the mothers.

Vitamin A is specially associated with absorptive processes, notably of fats in the small intestines, Vitamin B is of dual

nature and contains an anti-neuritic as well as a growth-promoting function. The normal functional activity of the nerves and ganglions controlling the movements of the gastro-intestinal tracts, it is presumed, depends upon a sufficient supply of the anti-neuritic function. Polished rice is deficient in this vitamin. The deficiency of Vitamin C leads to intestinal hurry and to congestive and atrophic changes throughout the entire intestinal tract.

The wrong kind of food is the most important single factor in the promotion of disease.

The spectacular results, which have attended the experimnetal study of vitamins, have over-shadowed much else in nutrition. I may here refer to a class of diseases, which result from the lack of balance of the various components of food.

Hyperplastic goitre may result from an excess in the food of such a homely substance as butter. The excess of butter or of unsaturated fatty acids causes thyroid hyperplasia. Similarly, enlargements of the thyroid gland of the colloid type may be induced by an excess of lime. Stone in bladder is brought about by ill-balanced diets containing too much oatmeal, whole wheat flour, white bread or maize. An excess of these cereals must be compensated by consumption of an appropriate amount of milk.

The cereals are not in themselves complete foods. They are excellent, but they are suitable only when they are combined with articles of food rich in Vitamin D. Both white bread and bread made from whole wheat flour are excellent foods, but neither is a complete food. White bread is notably more deficient in suitable proteins, in vitamins (both A and B) and in certain essential salts, than bread made from whole wheat flour. White bread is by this much the poorer foundation upon which to build a well-balanced diet.

Next in importance to the quality of our food is their right combination.

Human beings cannot have too much vitamins, when they are taken in the form which nature provides, than even in well-balanced combinations of food materials. There is for *optimum* nutritition, an ordered balance, even amongst the vitamins themselves.

The amount of vitamins needed varies with the metabolic requirements of the individual. The attainment and maintenance of physical perfection, reproduction, lactation, digestion, resistance to cold infectious and debilitating diseases, are all indications for their liberal supply. The vitamin deficiency also increases the susceptibility to certain poisons.

The cause of Berriberi, for instance is an absence of the anti-neuritic vitamin, or Vitamin B, in polished highly-milled rice. Just,

as Berriberi is a disease of rice-eating people, *pellagra* is of corn-eating people.

The prevention of Berriberi not only depends upon the supply of undermilled rice, but also in the provision of facilities for the proper storage of such rice and upon the correct methods of its preparation of food. The loss of vitamins caused by long storage of undermilled rice is due to the depredation of insects that eat the external layers of the grain. Heat and storing up for a long time destroy the vitamin content of rice devoid of its usual coating. Rice will remain with its full vitamin content for 3 years, if it is kept unhusked, in a place not very hot. It is desirable to allow only unhusked rice for export and import.

Epidemic dropsy is closly related to Berriberi. It affects rice-eaters, and the victims have nearly all been eaters of parboiled rice stored for several weeks or months in a hot and damp place after manufacture. Those, who store their rice in paddy form and prepare only small quantities at a time, are remarkably free from epidemic dropsy. Where dropsy cases occur in these people, there the paddy is found to have been stored in a damp place. If rice is cut out in the diet, all early cases cease to progress. The seasonal occurrence is usually in the rainy seasons or after rains. Infants escape it.

Thus, there is no disease-producing agency which reaps so rich a harvest of ill-health as faulty nutrition. Perfectly constituted food is not a panacea for all diseases, but it is an agent as potent in preventing a host of them as the mosquito net, if properly used, in preventing Malaria. When we know what mal-nutrition means, then will this knowlege do for preventive medicine what asepsis has done for surgery.

MAJOR KHANDWALLAH, I. M. S.

OUR HISTORICAL ARTICLE

SAMSON AND SAMUEL

MORE than three thousand years ago, when the Egyptians were supreme in Western Asia, a strange people, known as the Israelites because of their progenitor, Israel, lived in their midst. Two hundred years before, this strange people had migrated into Egypt and had been given by its king a possession in the best of the land as a reward for the services rendered by one of their sons. They had numbered but three score and ten, but since then, they had multiplied and become mightier than the Egyptians themselves. The latter viewed the increase

with great disfavour, and they afflicted the Israelites, making their lives bitter with hard service in mortar and in brick and in all manner of service in the field. But the more the sons of Israel were afflicted, the more they multiplied and spread abroad. Their common trouble knit them together and raised a leader in Moses, one of the noblest men that ever lived. Under the leadership of Moses, they rose up in a body and left Egypt hotly pursued by Egyptian horses and chariots. But they made good their escape, crossing the Red Sea with success and striking southward into a desert. After some years of wandering and warring with other desert nomads, they secured a firm footing on the rich uplands east of the river Jordan. From there, they beheld a land of hills and dales, of cultivated plains, fertile valleys, walled cities and other signs of settled life. This goodly sight apparently provoked their greed, and, by now made hardy by their bracing wilderness life, they resolved to invade the land. But the task proved to be neither short nor easy, as the inhabitants of the land were well-armed and strong enough to defend themselves. More than two centuries passed before the Israelites could make their conquest complete. During these two centuries, a class of leaders known as Judges rose among the Israelites. There were over a dozen of such leaders and of them were Samson and Samuel.

It was a reproach in Israel to be barren. According to one of their psalms, "As arrows in the hand of a mighty man, so are the children of youth. Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them." Samson's mother was long barren and when she had a divine promise that she would be favoured with a son who would save Israel from the hands of the Philistines, she was exceedingly glad. She was charged that she should drink no wine, nor strong drink, nor eat any unclean thing. No razor should come upon the child's head and the child should be dedicated to the service of God from the womb. She did as she was bidden, and bore a son whom she called Samson.

Samson grew up to be mighty. Against the will of his parents and to the horror of his people, he married a woman of the Philistines. On his way to marry the Philistine woman, a young lion roared against him and he took it up and rent it, as he would have rent a kid. At the marriage party, he propounded a riddle, which the Philistines could not solve. But they obtained the solution by persuading his wife under a threat to deceive him and have the riddle declared. Unable to stand the trick played upon him, Samson went down to Ashkelon and smote thirty Philistines. He then deserted his wife and sulkily returned to his father's house.

Samson was too deeply in love with the Philistine girl to forget her altogether. He returned to his father-in-law's house

but learnt that only a few days before, she had been married to another man. Enraged at this, he burnt up the standing corn of the Philistines and all their vineyards and oliveyards. The Philistines retaliated by burning up the girl and her father, only to be smitten by Samson with slaughter. But Samson was not then popular, for a certain men of his people were inclined to live in peace with their Philistine neighbours. Those of his people, who disliked him, bound him up and delivered him to the Philistines for execution. But, as the Philistines shouted for joy when they met Samson with his arms bound, Samson jerked himself loose and picking up the new jawbone of an ass, turned to right and left and smote a thousand men. He then became a Judge and judged Israel for twenty years.

Once, Samson was surrounded in the Philistine town of Gaza; but at dead of night he laid hold of the doors of the gate of the city and the two posts and plucked them up, bar and all, and put them on his shoulders and carried them to the top of a mountain. He might have died in the full glory of his fame as a strong and unconquerable warrior, if another Philistine woman had not come his way.

Delilah, whom Samson loved, was promised a large sum of money by the lords of the Philistines, if she enticed him and got out of him the secret of his enormous strength. Samson would not betray himself easily. He mocked her three times. But on her pressing him daily and urging him to the extent that his soul was vexed unto death, he told her all his secret. "There hath not come a razor upon mine head", he said, "for I have been a Nazarite unto God from my mother's womb; if I be shaven, then my strength will go from me and I shall become weak and be like any other man." Delilah won her money. She made Samson sleep on her knees and had his locks shaven off. The Philistines then laid hold on him and, putting out his eyes, threw him into a mill to grind corn.

But a shaven head remains not bald for ever. The hair on Samson's head began to grow again. In the merriment of their hearts, the Philistines held a great festival to their national deity, and there the Israelite captive was brought forth to make sport for them. The festival house was full of men and women. All the lords of the Philistines were there, and upon the roof, there were about three thousand men and women. With his recovered strength, Samson pulled down the house, killing himself and all who were there.

So, melancholy and inglorious was the close of Samson's life. His birth had been heralded by an angel and he was consecrated to the service of his people. He was gifted with extraordinary strength and valour. But his self-indulgence and lack of spirituality ruined his career and made him an ignominious failure.

We pass over one other Judge before we arrive at Samuel, who, as said before, was the last of the Judges. He was born in circumstances much the same as those in which Samson was born. His mother was long barren as Samson's was, and became the jest of her husband's other wife. She wept many a time and would not eat. She ardently prayed for a man-child and vowed that if she had one, no razor should come upon his head and he would be dedicated to the service of God. Her prayer was granted and she gave birth to a son whom she called Samuel.

Samuel was not distinguished by so much strength and valour as Samson. When he became a Judge, the Israelites were disunited and were in danger of losing their distinctive nationality by incorporation with other nations. He devoted the first twenty years of his rule steadily and unwearily, to the creation of a desire in his people to be a united nation. This work resulted in the elders of Israel demanding a king in the place of a Judge. Samuel was a practical man. He was sagacious enough to realise that the system of Judges had failed and the demand for a king was not the outcry of a rabble. but an application from men of weight and influence after due deliberation. He himself had grown old and his sons were too wicked to be entrusted with the administration of justice. Still, he thought fit to warn the people that a king would take away their sons and their daughters and their chattels and their goods and would use them for his own pleasure and delight. The people persisted in their demand, for the national sense created in them had made them imagine an empire, without counting its cost. Samuel responded to the demand. He set up a king. But the king, proving soon after unworthy, he set up another. The dethroned king could not reconcile himself easily with the other and there were incessant quarrels between them both. When after some time, a temporary reconciliation took place, Samuel died.

When Samuel died, all the Israelites gathered together and lamented him and buried him. The public mourning was a proof of the high honour in which the Israelites had held him. It had been their desire to secure a settled government during his life-time and under the sanction of his authority They mourned for him, as their forefathers had mourned for Moses years before, for they felt that he was the greatest figure in Israel since Moses.

Samson was great in body, but failed to be of service to his people. Samuel was great in spirit and he succeeded in giving stability to his country As Samuel's mother herself sang in thankfulness when she bore him, no man can prevail by mere strength.

I. D. TANGASWAMI.

PAPPU, THE PHYSICIAN

HOW I fell ill I do not remember. I was so healthy before I fell ill that I had no idea that there was a thing called illness in the world. Fever set in and shattered the ignorance. I distinctly remember how it came. My temples began to throb, keeping when they began a strange secret Then came a pale sense of heat into my soul, making me an inferior creature among upright human beings, a polluted priest thrown out from the temple of health.

Three days I suffered, according to the custom of the village, unhelped by medicine, for the wisdom of the village, whatever might have been its doubts, was positive that a fever, however come or however high, must never be treated for three days, since, fever was always but a symptom and took at least three days to produce its promise, which might even be small-pox, were the stars seriously offended with the sufferer; or only a headache or indigestion, if fortunately the offence was no greater than a passing sense of irritation For three days I lay with the fever raging in my head and a savage thirst, like a mad king misruling my throat; while my only compensation consisted in the little quantities of rice-water that my mother allowed me three times daily. It was like a drought, assuaged by a timid drizzle three times every three years, but on the fourth day Pappu the physician came.

What a joy it was when he came, the swarthy man, whose pot-belly like Peter Pan never grew, whose army of medical hymns from which, aided by temperate fire, powerful concoctions emerged, slowly and wisely, and frightened all fevers, often even putting them to the most ignominious flight. Leaning on a pillow poised against the wall, I utterly swallowed the beneficent figure standing in the courtyard, with a cadjan-umbrella intervening between his marble smooth head and the fierce sun jumping on to his central mount in the sky. Pappu the physician was an *untouchable*, and must on no account come close to me, steeped as I was in a fierce fever. but he was so much more a physician than an *untouchable* that never in my experience did any of his distance diagnoses go wrong.

"I am feeling very bad, Pappu," I said. "Kochu Thampuran (*Kochu* means small and *Thampuran* is the appropriate title for *untouchables* to use when addressing the high-caste people) is ill," he said. "Whatever is the matter with me, Pappu?" I asked with the utmost anxiety. "What is Kochu Thampuran feeling like?" he inquired in the purely wise accent so familiar to all the village folks. "What am I feeling like?" I began, desperately trying to analyse what I was feeling like. "Why, I am feeling

like fire, feeling as if a whole year's thirst of the village was seated on my tongue, feeling like death, if only because I do not know what it feels like." Pappu the physician, hearing what I said, sat down in the courtyard to make up his mind what I was suffering from. The umbrella still hovered over his head. His mind showed that it was in active harness by the swift ripples on his brow. He thought an endless deal and when the thinking was over he recited a picturesque hymn in pidgin-Sankrit and ended by saying that the recited piece exactly suited my case. He had many hundreds of hymns in his store and he was often in some difficulty to pick out the right one for every new case entrusted to his care. But I gave him no trouble because, as he said, my description was exact, so exact indeed that no sooner was it made than the right hymn began almost audibly to stir from its place in the collection. All that he had to do was to heave the bobbing text and put it to the proper tune, so that I and my mother might be entirely satisfied. And when the singing was over, knowing that I could not understand the meaning, although he was himself witness to my violent efforts to follow the melody, he said, with the slow deliberation of all medical practitioners since the world began, that I was suffering from fever. It did not occur to Pappu, the Physician, at the time he made the announcement that fever was no disease, but only the harbinger of one. No thought ever occurred to him out of season, nor to any one of his many patients, to whom I of high birth was happily no exception.

Having in this way disposed of the nature of the disease, Pappu the physician set out to inscribe the prescription on a cadjan-leaf, of which he always carried a respectable bundle, with his big iron pencil bulging towards the top to keep it in position between his palm and fingers and to make it inscribe indelible remedies. It was a simple prescription consisting of five virgin herbs growing in the far depths of the forest, but which the hereditary medicinal herb-pluckers of the village knew quite well, and which, given three days and six annas, they would bring as certainly as they would return.

Having thus at the top of his form fulfilled his part in my illness, Pappu the physician stood up, erecting his umbrella right over his head and holding aloft the bundle of dry cadjan-leaves in one of his hands. My mother stepped down from the verandah and put, not without much grace and even an air of thanks, an eight-anna piece on the ground. The healer of ills picked it up accordingly and bowing to me, which was as much as an assurance that I would soon recover, went away, leaving behind a vague rememberance of both his inordinate wisdom and his inordinate indifference to money.

I, however, continued to suffer, even after Pappu the Physician's departure, and the rice-water still continued to hold the field, having on my mother's reference received the physician's approval. The thirst continued to scorch the throat and the fever to bring lightning to my head. Meanwhile, two herb-bringers had proceeded to the forest, post-haste, seeing me suffer and having been paid their customary six annas in advance. And they returned, equally post-haste, with the five herbs, cutting the customary three days to twenty-four hours and I was glad that they were the herbs mentioned in the prescription, since there was none who knew them in the village. Never in the history of illnesses in the village did any of this worthy tribe bring a false herb from the forest, and, as never did a sick man die from a false prescription from Pappu the physician, so never did any die because the herb-bringers ever strayed from their immemorial path of truth. All that fell ill and died in the village died from other causes, chief among which was almost always their own fate.

However that may be, as soon as the two children of truth arrived, the herbs they had brought were cut to the very letter of the cadjan document and then they were put in a large pot full of pure water, which was presently installed over a slow fire, so that the infusion might simmer for a day and night running, and at the end of this time leave a little concoction to cure my fever and destroy my distress.

These were already ebbing away under the gathering campaign. If I was getting weaker and weaker under the autocracy of the rice-water, so were the fever and thirst under the increasing command that was now issuing from Pappu the physician's prescription. And, when that concoction actually appeared at last and was applied to my lips, the enemies of my well-being clearly decided to retire as hastily as they could.

When after three days Pappu the physician paid his second visit I was almost myself again. The fever and the thirst were gone, slunk away, so that nobody could tell when they went or why. But Pappu the physician was positive that they had left, because the right medical hyman was enlisted at the right time and the right herbs (here he was a shade less positive) were brought by the right men to make the right remedy.

In this way, wherever Pappu the physician went, everything went right; like a thief, that had outstayed the night, sickness shrank away and health returned, released from the fear of its many enemies. There was sickness enough in the village and of mortality also there was no great lack, but the fault was never that of Pappu, the physician, nor was it ever even once attributed to him. He was always sure and wise, right and successful and if he went wrong who could tell him where the physician was that could amend the fate of men and things? It must be

confessed that, when Pappu the physician was young, he used now and then to boast that he could even amend it, but it was not long before a fierce epedemic came and carried off many estimable souls, and Pappu the physician, standing at a greater distance than was strictly required by custom, overlooked the scourge and wiped his eyes to admit that he could avail little against the fate of men and things.

And some years after, when that little pot-belly came and clung to him with its promise of unchanging equability, he began to get wiser and wiser and, as all wise men do, began to yield more and more to fate, so that when he became old, his wisdom became mellowed, so that again he began to trouble himself less about the sickness of men, leaving the hymns to carry out their antique honesty.

Pappu the physician never told a lie, never used a pill, never touched his patients and above all never asked more money than was given, and thus he lived to a green old age, an *untouchable*, bearing all the affection of the village on his devoted head.

N. K. VENKATESWARAN.

THE STORY OF A NOBLE ABDICATION.

I.

MY friend, Mr. K. was some twenty years ago, an assistant to the Director of Archaeology, and worked hard for a long time; shortly before he left service, his discoveries made him known throughout the land. Consequent on one of his glorious exploits—the mighty excavations he conducted among the stately ruins of the mighty Ganesha temple at Radhapura—high honours quickly descended on him and he began to consider his exertions amply rewarded. I had long desired to learn at first hand, the so many unexplained features of such a tremendous work, the too many insignificant details of a 'dull digging' carried on for five tiresome years; and my interest never flagged, because I relied on, and respected, the gravity of my friend, whose work was always something noteworthy. It had been reported that a famous inscription, extending the full space of a rare and large polished slab, was the key with which Mr. K. had tried hard to step into the closed vaults within. He had succeeded; and the crowning factor, which kept the fire of curiosity burning in my imagination, was the faint suggestion from my friend, that behind it all lay the elevating story of a noble abdication.

Mr. K needs no more praise; and, as a matter of fact, he

hates it, so much so, that when he was shown this, which I had developed from the host of details he had given me, he only smiled doubtfully, as if to express that I had not done the right thing, in praising his meagre work Far from being put out by any such consideration, however, I am at least sure that I have a story to tell, and a good one too, to my readers.

II

Dharmeswara was slowly recovering from the great and sudden grief that had betaken him on his dear old father's death a couple of years before. Artheswara's death had been quite unexpected; and least of all had his son ever imagined anything of the terrible pain and cruel torture, the old man had suffered to the very moment he had closed his eyes for ever. It was his belief, that what had been meted out to his father, was altogether quite underserved. He had been accustomed to regard such a loving parent as Artheswara—and Artheswara was in fact, too fond of his son—even as a household god. But, try however much he did, he could not reconcile himself to continue the association of his late father with the evil-hearted Malati, reputed to have been the source of inspiration and solace to Artheswara during all his life-time. She was with him now, and would not leave him in peace even for a moment. Dharmeswara openly gave her to understand that he was in no way inclined to treat her as his equal. But Malati, who knew how well to dissemble, received it all with an ironical grin. With regard to her physical appearance, she was fit to be still classed as charming. She had borne the brunt of two score invading summers; yet she could be called beautiful. Tall in stature; with an attractive nose setting off her two gray eyes, which were deep with a pale mysticism; with a rather wide forehead, having a well-defined but graceful line in the middle, indicative of intelligence and thought; with delicate ears beautifully curved; with a majestic and symmetrical, yet slender, form; Malati would never fail to attract deep admiration when at ease, not to speak of active sympathy when in distress. She had been, true to all the rumours that had caught smoke later on, the friend and guide of Artheswara, who had constantly craved for her advice on matters of importance. On her had been showered the blessings of beauty and fortune, both together. Other than this slender form of ravishing beauty, only one thing had interested the famous Artheswara, and that was his poor little son. Dharmeswara had fast acquired a mature wisdom, too hard for his years. In spite of all the requests and orders of his father during his life-time, Dharmeswara had somehow contracted a severe dislike towards her, whom Ardheswara would never have parted with even at the cost of the precious life of his only son. Nor did this faint glow

of well-founded dislike die out soon in the son's heart. Clever as she was, Malati had already guessed that all would not go well with her, when Artheswara was dead. But she had failed to gauge the depths to which such dislike could go; and, when she was faced with the grim reality, she trembled. She was sorry she had not known this a few years before, when she could have had everything her own way, with a mere whisper in her Artheswara's ears. She even began to hate her late and affectionate master; for, had he not who on his deathbed extolled the virtues of his son to her and exhorted her to stick to him? How cruel he had been not to convert his lad to his creed, which would have warranted her plentiful and easy luxury. For her part, she could not deceive herself with the belief that Artheswara had been ignorant of his son's evil temper towards her, as the foolish lad had indulged in his taunts and jibes even in his father's presence. Feeling assured that it was all the result of her folly in consenting to remain with Dharmeswara, Malati contented herself with the comparatively subdued and humble state of a servant, to which she was thrust by the merciless Dharmeswara, who neither cared to harass her, nor sought to court her concern. His was a longing to be rid of her; hers was a foolish expectation for things to grow better. She felt that Dharmeswara was most unchivalrously inviting her to a duel. She had determined to sue for peace. She had also resolved to strike the death-blow to his divine content, if he were to treat her proposals with scorn. She would rebel. She would wage war. She must win. Such a conviction of her potential capacity to overpower Dharmeswara only grew stronger, when she remembered that she alone knew the secret of Artheswara's life. She alone in the whole world knew the weird circumstances under which he had amassed such masses of treasured wealth.

At last things reached a climax. On a calm and sad evening, Malati and Dharmeswara sat facing each other. On their faces fury showed in furtive glances. Like goaded bulls, they watched to gore each other. Angry words bubbled within, but died at their lips with a contemptuous hiss.

"I am tired of the state of existence here. You are cruel, ungrateful and harsh", said Malati, half-sobbing, to Dharmaswara whose eyes seemed to radiate beams of fire.

"Ungrateful! What the deuce do you mean? What the devil have you done for me or mine? I long have prayed to be rid of you. You have decided to depart of your own will. So, good-bye. Go, and let me be free."

"Why, you ungrateful man, do you babble without knowing what the truth is? In fact, I am, responsible for all this you possess and enjoy, these valuable treasures you have inherited from your father and over which you ceaselessly joy. You deny me the

FIRST NAIR LADY IN STATE JUDICIAL SERVICE.

Miss E. A. Lakshmikutty Ammal, was born in 1903 in a prominent Nair family. She was given a national education in an indigenous school during her early years H.H.Kerala Varma, the 11th Prince of Cochin, undertook the expenses of her education as her sole supporter, as her uncle had died in His Highness' service. She completed her studies in 1926. She entered the Hovernment service as a teacher in the palace Girls' Gigh School, Tripunithura, the school intended for the Royal Family. Besides, she has had appointments in the Government Schools of Kaloor and Southern Chittur. After a period of nearly 3 years in service for shorter or longer vacancies, H.H. The Maha Raja was pleased to sanction her petition for an appointment in the judicial Department, and so she was appointed the 1st. lady subordinate in the Chief Court of Cochin.

Press Photo Bureau.

MY DAUGHTER.

MY DAUGHTER

The memory of your face is a flower in the mind,

A warm sweetness in a craggy place.

The country of my mind is full of doubts and dangers.

It has quicksands of evasion and dusty plains of drought. Precipices of terrible truth are there, and chasms of darkness that must be leaped.

I cannot escape from the country of my mind.

But your face is a flowered sweetness, a fertile cranny, where beauty dwells—and peace.

I warm myself in the memory of your face,

From The Parent's Magazine.

due share of happiness, which you selfishly hug to yourself. I do not stand in need of pleasure at present. And yet you fail to express even a kind thought for me. Shame on you, cruel Dharmeswara!" replied Malati with a firmness that seemed to bear witness to the truth of her statement

"How, you vile woman, how? Trying to blackmail me?"

"Let, me tell you the tale. I wish to hear none of your useless boasts. Hear how far you are indebted to me. But for me, what would be your state? Where would be all the wealth that you own? And yet, you are flinging cruel aspersions at me.

Are you not a man?"

She was interrupted by a violent cry from Dharmeswara, who was raging with unusual fury.

"Out with it soon, if you mean to speak the truth. Or be off at once without waiting to invent any gibberish."

Malati's idea had been to bring him to terms and to strike a bargain with the secret unrevealed. But his unrelenting attitude, as far as she was concerned, made her give up all foolish hopes of conquering him. So, discreetly setting aside all other emotions that surged in her then, and clearing her face of its streams of angry tears, Malati began her narrative.

"It has never been to my liking to kick the dust off the musty volumes of your father's hidden truths, none too good to detail or to hear. You have wilfully forced me to do it by your harsh hatred for me. I have tried for a truce You deny me every chance. And, now it is my turn to throw dust on your face. Be prepared to receive it."

"Hurl it with all your force, if there be filth. Cleanse your filth too by this disinfecting confession. Time enough to see whether, if fallen in mud, one ought to wallow in it and plunge deeper for pleasure, or wash the stained hands clean by a healthy purification. Stop all your excuses and halting remarks. The truth must come to light. Your fangs are active. Spit the venom out and be done with it. I shall not suffer you to leave any more in darkness what you call the 'hidden secrets' of my father and consequently of yourself too. Be quick!" ordered Dharmeswara, who felt weak with shame. He watched her eagerly, and she proceeded leisurely with her story.

III

The beloved and adored king of Radhapura lay tossing on his sick-bed. The chronic complaint of the sovereign had been taxing everybody's resources in the state. Eminent doctors had been trying ceaselessly to find a way to save their poor monarch. There was a constant rush of crowds before the palace gates to hear the daily bulletin regarding the health of their master. The king himself, in all his glory and

greatness, now lay prostrate on his uneasy couch, feeling the hours too long, and longing for death. He was slowly losing confidence in his doctors, whom, far from scorning, he yet believed to be helpless under God's hand He felt that his days on this earth were to end soon. He was a Kshatriya and had striven hard in all his active life to wage war against any sort of evil in his domain. He had begotten a worthy son too, who would succeed him, and had, according to time-honoured precedent, trained him to be one like himself, if not better. He had never robbed the poor, nor had he subdued the rich except in their unwise unreasonableness. And, above all, he had been devoted to his God, whom, in whatever kind of work he was engaged in, he had never failed to worship with undying zeal. All these might perhaps have been the reasons for Dharmaraja's pious tranquility even at the approach of death. Dharmaraja was ready for the rest world. He took pleasure in the various dictums of the master-minds of old, read out by his Guru the venerable Artheswara, a sturdy man, who had drunk deep of the wells of worldly knowledge The Guru sat by the side of his dying pupil and sovereign, explaining the deep mysteries of the ages with profound words of deep wisdom.

Things soon reached such a crisis that the mighty Dharmaraja, along with his good people, who, though afraid to express their fears, yet expected nothing better, recognised that all would be over with him in a short day, and was glad.

The royal consorts, Uma Devi and Leelavathi, supported their dying husband on either side, their countenances spread over with the darkest shades of sorrow. The Yuvaraj, Narendra, knelt at the feet of his father, gloomily looking into the future He was barely past his pleasant youth, and he was shuddering at what was to be, if his father's death tied him fast to the onerous task of administering the State. The years of ease it had been his fortune to enjoy had made of him one of those proclaimed optimists, who try to soothe the grief of others with characteristic platitudes, and yet stand shamelessly desperate when evil knocks at their own doors. But, he was a youth, who was amenable to influence, and he saw in what a shadowy castle in the air he had lived so long. To him all was now clear. Life seemed to him nothing more than an anxious watch over the stealthy raids of greedy Death. Nothing in this world could be finite. Everything went into the unknown.

With his mother crying pitifully over the sorry state of his father, Narendra too was drawn to do likewise. And, it would have broken the heart of any to see the pitiable plight of the prince and his mother, kneeling beside the sinking sovereign, their hands upraised to the Heavens above, every moment expecting an extraordinary turn for the better, or something miraculous to happen. The other queen, Leelavathi, and her young daughter Madhavi,

were in no better state. Recovering from a swoon into which she had fallen, the former began to whisper incoherently to her dying lord : "How cruel of you to leave me so soon. How sad that I should be forced to survive this killing calamity, be it even to preserve and bring up my tender Madhu ! I would I could die with you on the blazing pyre. What joy can be mine to live after you ? What existence can be mine with none to support me in my grief ? Spare me the task of living after you, dear lord. Dear lord, spare me that at least. To which place shall I flee and whom shall I ask for help ? I long to die by your side." The dumb monarch was surprised at such raving from his dear Leela, whom he had ordered not to accompany his corpse to the funeral pyre, but to stay back for the nobler purpose of looking after his beloved Narendra, and the little Madhavi. He struggled to bring out the words he wished to tell her, but all in vain. His recourse was mute gesticulation. With a heavy groan, he raised his thin right hand, grown gaunt with protracted illness, and held it steadily pointing towards the afflicted prince, Narendra. It seemed as if he meant to say to Leelavathi, "Your sole refuge in future is he, our dear son Narendra. Stick to him and he will see to your own and Madhu's good." The queen very clearly saw his purpose. For a moment more, the monarch struggled ; and then he lay quiet, and over his dead body wailed his bereft queens.

Narendra had to gird up his loins to cope with the work ahead. He was determined to maintain the noble heritage of power, prestige and culture, his father had conveyed to him. He was only sorry to bear, in addition to the tormenting grief this calamity had burdened him with, another necessary load of heavy affliction—viz. his mother's self-immolation. He could not imagine how he was to see her reposing on the flaming couch of a blazing fire. But, he took everything that was happening to have been ordained by God. He saw no devilishness in Society's injunction, which imposed upon fair Uma Devi, the terrible task of flinging herself into the fire by the side of her dead lord. Only, he was unable to bear the painful sight. He left everything to his father's Guru.

Artheswara was busy arranging all the functions. The whole palace was trembling with loud shrieks of grief. Kings, Queens, Princes and Princesses from neighbouring regions were flocking within The whole city wore a look of suspended activity. The sovereign was dead. Noble Dharmaraja was no more. The fair and good queen Uma Devi, had done her duty. She had kept company with her lord even in his death.

IV

Matters after a time became quite easy for the young sovereign of Radhapura, who had set to his task with a pure consience and a good heart. Narendra had worn the crown for nearly three years now, and nothing but high praise was lavished on him by

his citizens. Every soul, from the lowest of the poor to the highest of the nobility, appreciated the sterling worth of their strong ruler, who meted out justice to all with a clean and even hand. Artheswara was the Guru to the young king, as he had been to his father. There was no secret kept from the knowledge of this worthy and aged man. The young monarch looked up to him for guidance and help. Nor had anyone suspected that such excessive intimacy was not for the good either of the ruler or the ruled. The long and short of the whole affair was that Artheswara was the real man behind the machine, the man at the helm of affairs. Of course, Narendra's sanction for everything was nominally sought. None had, therefore, scented the flavour of mean intrigue, which, if allowed to prosper, would prove one day nothing short of an unholy conspiracy Their ignorance lulled them into happy content. All the people grew prosperous. The land grew richer; deaths became rarer; knowledge grew from more to more; and there was very little left to be wished for.

It was late in the evening of one of such happy days, that Narendra's subjects enjoyed. The sun-light had faded; but the moon had risen. It was a day of the fortnight, when the moon was waxing brighter day by day. The advent of spring had made many occasions for merriment. The flowers bloomed and swung with inviting glee Nature had donned her robe of verdant green. The bees buzzed and flew from flower to flower with stored-up drops of purest honey. The gentle breezes blew and all mankind was astir with joy.

The young king of Radhapur glided past the main highway of the town, unattended and un-noticed. Quickly did he reach the spot he had looked for. Around him spread a halo of reflected light, as he noiselessly stepped into a well-lit mansion standing far from the road He was in a state of anxious expectation. Artheswera had assured him that all would pass off well, and yet he was strangely afflicted by fear. It was not the first time he had graced the spacious hall, where he now groaned in impatience He had been a frequent visitor, devoted and fervent, to that lonely but hallowed spot. For full three years, had poor Narendra continued thither his nocturnal excursions, alone and unarmed. In this weird quarter, he had revelled to his heart's content. His deity was there. He came to her with rich offerings. She was propitiated. He was blessed.

Presently, he was calm. The swaying wand of a divine fairy seemed to have silenced his complaints. His head bent low with a plaintive sigh. What unearthly witch was she, who thus laid her spell on this pure young soul? A fair form bedecked with costly jewels, flitted past him and across the room. Her beauty rained bewitching charms on him and cast enticing nets

for him. Young Narandra rushed on to his ruin, with none to save him, none even to guide him with fair advice, though there were many to entrap him.

"Excuse me Sire: I was kept away arranging for to-night's elaborate worship to our Goddess, which your Highness has so graciously come to witness. May our All-powerful Kali shower her choicest blessings on you, her fond devotee!" She paused awhile, and seeing that the king seemed to wait for the unfinished portion of her intended speech, uttered what else she had to say.

"Is it long that my sovereign has been made to wait? I wish I were not so careless. Your Highness has been treated rather shabbily today at my hands. I beg to be pardoned for that. I assure you, such a thing will never more occur. I always have the honour, Sire, to be your obedient slave." Narendra was very happy in the company of this fair woman. A continuous smile graced his erstwhile anxious face.

"Stop all that, dear girl. I have not come here to be seated on a throne and gaze on poor petitioners, that honour themselves by addressing me thus. I dislike your form of address to me. Dear Susheela, often have I requested you to treat me as your equal. Be quite at home with me, fair queen. I can no more put up with your coyness."

"Time enough for all that, dear lord. Never will it fit us to discard, or delay, the worship of our holy Goddess tonight. It has already been delayed. Never a single day in the last two years have we let pass, failing to do our duty to her. Let us not invite destruction at such a late juncture either. Hurry up, young King. Let me walk ahead." Susheela talked rather hastily. She could not quite control herself at first. She was inwardly jubilant at the success, which, Artheswara had told her, would come to her in a day or two. But large experience and quick practice came soon to her aid, and she appeared to be quite unconcerned. Narendra followed her to the inner apartment of the house, whither she had fled in a hurry.

The young king's mind was set ceaselessly struggling in the rolling waves of vague vaccillation. He was being carried fast into the whirlpools of destructive temptation. His worthy Guru was responsible for this constant meeting with the lovely damsel that lived in his house. The young man was mad with love. Nay, he had resolved to go beyond the limits even. Discretion, in alliance with good sense had failed to fence him within the barriers of safe and worthy behaviour. Susheela was well-known to Artheswara, whom she had served ever since his wife's sad demise. She was said to possess the rare power of invoking the dread Goddess and be able to use her influence, for the good or evil of those whom she favoured or hated. Even when he was only

heir-apparent to the throne, the young prince had been told great stories about this strange inmate of this Guru's household, though his introduction to her was purposely delayed till he had actually assumed the reins of administration. Bred as he was in an atmosphere of innocent idolators and gullible fanatics, never did a cruel doubt cross his mind as to the falsity of Susheela's pretences. How could he suspect any vile trick, when on so many occasions he had seen with his own eyes, the impossible elaborately acted before him on the spacious stage of worship! Many a day had he witnessed eagerly, closetted with the beautiful Susheela in the very chamber he was in now, the dread form of Kali dancing before his eyes through the transformed body of Artheswara's fair protege. Never had he suspected that Susheela's metamorphosis, from the earthly to the divine, could be unreal. But, however much he might try to rest in peace, one forbidden fruit was tempting him. He longed to acquire the sole right to the companionship of Susheela. He remembered well his Guru's warning, predicting a sure doom, if he wilfully disregarded it. He realised how fatal it would prove, were he to ignore Artheswara's parental advice. But—he was restless. He began to reckon the sacrifice of his life too small, if only he could hold her to his breast. He had considered all the possibilities. One thing alone struck him as uncommon. Why had not Artheswara urged him with his warning, when he had come to know that his king was slipping from the right course he had prescribed? Why had he yet encouraged him, though indirectly, by silent approbation, to be in the company of the fair Susheela? Had he any purpose? No. It could not be. Perdition be to the man who maligned such a noble soul. Whatever the hazard, Narendra wished to rush forward. He was willing to suffer death—if it came to that, and it would surely come to it according to his Guru's warning,—to possess dear Susheela.

Before he could continue his brooding over the various other aspects of the case, Narendra found he had, in spite of his slow movements, reached the hallowed sanctuary where his fair goddess stood shyly greeting him. He walked quickly on to the high altar, bowed to the idol, muttering his short prayer, and suddenly sank down on the couch near by. Susheela walked to the end of the chamber, drew close the doors, slammed them with force behind her, and returned to her former place near the dread deity, deity, whom she was worshipping. Narendra gazed on her with greedy eyes and struggled hard to mumble forth some disconnected syllables, but failed in his attempt and sank his head low between his hands. She was not the same Susheela that had spoken to him so cleverly a few minutes afore. She stood up against the bright light that illumined the chamber, spotlessly clean, faultlessly fair and well-made, charmingly simple. Susheela was indeed a rare model even for the Divine artist. Philosophers, whose lot it

is to weep when they see such beauty in women, would doubtless give up their high-sounding professions, were it but to gain a sight of this beauty. Even the gods would not hesitate to elope with her. What then of poor Narendra, who plunged deeper every minute into the recesses of a happy dreamland? He was after all only a man with all the weakness that human flesh is heir to. And before him stood a heavenly fairy worthy to be worshipped.

* * * *

The queen-mother made anxious enquiries of the young monarch, when he returned. He silenced her with evasive words. Leelavathi put on an aggrieved look; but Narendra took no notice of it. He was waiting, in fact, to hug his approaching end. He never groaned, though he suffered excruciating pain. He waited with joy. His one desire had been attained.

When Artheswara returned the next morning, a few hours after the sad death of the young King, he saw Susheela awaiting him with welcome news. She told him in detail of how her success had been worked out in so short a period. He recoiled with astonishment. He could not believe his ears. He never had dreamt that his plot would work to such a flawless perfection, as to avoid the least taint of fearful doubt. He had been waiting in expectation, but, when his gruesome plan to do away with Narendra had actually succeeded, surprise held him fast.

"Did he drink the contents of the cup? Did he really?" queried Artheswara; he did not stop with this, but repeated queries in rapid succession. He seemed to have gone foolish through excessive joy. "Yes" Susheela answered. "The powdered glass must be powdering his soul now." She relentlessly laughed. Artheswara too joined her.

"The queen, Leelavathi, will be overjoyed to learn the glad news. She is sure to reward me for this. Her one desire has been fulfilled," concluded Artheswara.

V

The bright prospects of the early years in the glorious reign of their new king had placed the people of Radhapura in enjoyable expectation. The good work of the father, whom Nature had cruelly taken to her bosom ere it was time for him to depart, had been earnestly sought to be completed by the dutiful son. Narendra, by his sincere and assiduous efforts, had succeeded in working out many a salutary reform in the country, attended with solid results. His simple habits, as we have seen, had won for him not a few friends. There was neither the evil trace of disaffection, nor the rotting seed of discontent, in the minds of his dear subjects, who ever prayed for his long life and happiness. They little dreamt that such high anticipations, might, by an ill turn of circumstances fail to materialise.

The bright sky was soon spread with heavy clouds. Narendra's rule had till now been one short and speedy run on a smooth and even lawn. But the inky clouds of misfortune spread rather unexpectedly. Finally, in a stunning clash, they shattered all hopes of brightness and fame. The young king suddenly went to eternal rest. They said he had died of his own folly. He had sinned against all the gods above. Narendra had been from his early childhood initiated into the horrible worship of the goddess Kali. The diety, pleased with his prayers, had blessed him with joy and fame. All had been well till in an unwitting moment the poor king, pitiably helpless, urged by an inordinate craving of bestial lust, had surrendered to his vile passions and meekly allowed them to master him. Then the bloodthirsty goddess, whom none even of the gods could appease in her wrath, had grown all-consumingly wild and, forgetting Narendra's good services in the past, his devout supplication at her feet and his beseeching moans to be excused, had pounced upon him with fiendish greed and drunk deep his noble blood. Artheswara, the high priest of the royal household, showed himself to be completely taken aback. That a king of the noble lineage of the pious Dharmaraja should have stooped to such blasphemy was unbelievable to him, he said. The young king had been clearly guilty of an unmentionable crime, and that too in the very face of the goddess, and as such deserved his cruel fate. He had invited Death and was bound to welcome it. He told the people : "How could the king have dared to defile the purity of the body that had been the vehicle of the goddess? Was it not laid down that any one entertaining a debasing thought about anything attached to the goddess ought to be instantly done away with? Yet, Narendra proceeded to the extent of gross malpractice. After all, he has reached his fit abode."

The gloomy queen, Leelavathi, pretended to be overcome with woe. She ordered Artheswara to conduct the propitiatory ceremonies to seek mercy at the hands of the infuriated deity and thus ensure safety in the future at least to their line. She mourned for her step-son. The disappointed subjects saw nothing amiss. They did not search for any evil hand. They chased no concealed villain. From time immemorial they had kept to their fast moorings of spiritual strength. Artheswara's assurance that the blame lay entirely on Narendra was enough for them to go upon. Thus the sea of life was made smooth for Leelavathi. The winds were in her favour, and the ready pilot Artheswara was at her hand. It was but one undisturbed voyage on the calm waters of ignorant fear on the one side and acquiescing flattery on the other, to reach the shores of her illegitimate fame. She was entrusted the task of wearing the crown by the common consent of all concerned, and the nation soon acclaimed her as their rightful queen. Leelavathi, as cunning as she was beautiful, was at once a patron of

every laudable enterprise and an active sympathiser of all usefu reforms in her own domain. She was even said to be too lenient,l but not without purpose did she intently set to let off every criminal that was brought before her. She was taught by Artheswara that evil could grow fat on evil alone. He told her that the working of the Devil's machine depended on an endless lubrication by the oil of hypocrisy. The handle of deceit had been therefore fully turned. The wheels of devilish greed ceaselessly revolved. The products of plunder multiplied. And, if anything ominous predicted a stop, the breake of false promises was fast applied and better times of quiet were awaited in ease. Artheswara's sun of happiness was at its zenith. He had amassed a large fortune as a reward for his plentiful services to his beloved queen. He directed the affairs of the land. On him depended the good and bad of the country. In fine, he was the ruler of Radhapura.

Madhu, the sweet daughter of Leelavathi, was to be given in marriage to Rajeswara, one of the neighbouring and prosperous rulers. Leelavathi was filled with boundless exultation at the prospect of such unalloyed happiness for her Madhu, whom she really loved. The dear princess of the land would soon be hailed as the consort of the valiant Rajeswara. Leelavathi had long ago decided to abdicate in favour of her son-in-law, whoever he was to be. Her mission had been fraught with complete success from beginning to end. Her prosperity was assured, Madhu's was unquestioned.

VI

Artheswara grew old, but never the least sorry. He lived to be a respected favourite of the newly-crowned king of the land, the noble Rajeswara, the well-matched spouse of Princess Madhu. Honourable worthies loved to be on good terms with him. Each man took the greatest care to please the royal Guru. A past master in the art of shameless opportunism, Artheswara's creed was to connive at evil without discrimination. He felt strong enough to defy God himself. Susheela, the accepted vehicle of the Goddess, was at his side with her winsome smiles and flowing wit.

He had no premonition of what was about to happen so suddenly. He was attacked by a fell disease. All his wealth, all the deep concern of King Rajeswara and his queen, all the love of old Leelavathi could not hold back the descending hand of Fate! His weak frame dwindled to a heap of stiff bones. He fixed his eyes on the weeping Susheela. He expressed a thought about his dear son. He died a most miserable death. The royal household mourned. The State observed public mourning.

* * * *

"That, in a nutshell is the adventurous life of your father and

myself. And now say, dear Dharmeswara, whether yours has not been a hasty decision regarding me, whether you have not behaved with utter gracelessness to me. I shall love you to reconsider your decision," appealed Susheela, *alias* Malati, in a superior though subdued tone. Dharmeswara stared at her with a dumbfounded look in his eyes. He was aghast at the coolness of her scheming. Taken by surprise, he could not bring himself to any more expression of his sentiments, than to mumble out a few meaningless words. He was not ill-favoured in external appearance. He had even an enviable elegance. But now his face wore the expression of a distant and pondering vaccuity. The 'fetterless, idyllic and enchanted' days were over for him.

"Too bad of you to have artfully deceived me so long! Thank you, I mean, it is not at all to your honour that you seem closely involved in such base deeds. I can no more prolong a life so bowed down with shame. I do not wish for happiness unlawfully obtained. I would gladly die, or let myself be eaten away, than enjoy the wrongly-earned wealth of ill-minded souls Tell me, what best I ought to do. I——I———cannot——do not——long for aught else——— than—a painless end. Help me to that, dear Susheela." sobbed the wretched Dharmeswara.

"Why rave this way? Are there not better means to atone for sins? If you take your father's deeds to be such sins, you are free to seek for an ample atonement. But, to despair to live your part seems to be cowardly and unbecoming. Renounce your all, if you so like. Refuse to enjoy the treasured hoards of your dead father. Deny yourself all the pleasure worked by his ill-gotten wealth. Don the pall of poverty and let me be with you", rebuked Susheela. The sting of her admonition worked magic in Dharmeswara. He sat silent for a time, then thanked Susheela once again for her guidance. Rare wisdom seemed to illumine his mind. He was inspired. He was at that moment an incarnation, vivid and corporeal, of the truth of his conscience, of the divinity of his worship: "I have it, I know it. I know what I should do. Bless me, oh Susheela", ejaculated Dharmeswara exultantly.

VII

It was a fine morning in the time of sweet Spring. The gentle breezes blew with humming notes. The various flowers in the city gardens, with their heads turned up to the heavens, bowed at every draught with inviting courtesy. Sweet, jolly and innocent children sported on the long and wide lawns, while the elders gazed on with pleasant satisfaction.

Dharmaswara sat on a coloured grass mat, which lay over the bare floor of the inner apartment of his house. Susheela stood at one corner with great ease and self-confidence. The son of the

late Artheswara sat there in silence, and appeared by the encouraging look of contentment on his face to have been convinced of the rightness of all his actions. He no more thought that he had been baited into the inextricable mesh of an imminent doom. He assured himself that he would get out of the abyss, where he had been inveigled against his will and undeserved too. His face beamed with the light of a saint, who had become a saviour of humanity.

"Susheela, my life-work is done. I am certain that I shall have nothing yet as good to perform in future, when I shall be destined to fall back on the resources of caves and forests. I may not be killed for my crime of exposing the truth ; but I am sure they will exile me. And for you, dear Susheela, could I but accomplish rescuing you from the piercing clutches of the selfish villains who refuse to see Truth as it is, I should feel my exertions sufficiently rewarded. But——I——I——am helpless. Forgive me. I ought not to be so cruel to you at least."

"Stop worrying on my score. The deep concern of your generous heart is the most that I deserve. I sold myself to tempting circumstances and have no reason to grudge the consequences thereof. When the truth is brought to light, public derision is certain to demean me. But I shall risk that and even more; for I shall anyhow prove the object of persecution to those that grow fat on the sinful fruits of my past misdeeds. You have taught me to regard myself as a depraved and spoiled soul. You made me realise how scandalous my career has been. You have in fact drawn me up from the infernal depths of ever-increasing sin. I wish for naught else on this earth. I yearn to die at your feet. That, that alone is my holy aspiration at present. And, if God Almighty wills that I shall not have such fortune, even in my captivity shall I turn to your good soul. Then shall I, if you favour me with your direction, deem my repentance to be worthily effected."

"A bold self-denial indeed! A worthy contrition, and an adorable repentance. Dear Susheela, my wonder at your courage makes me foolish. But ignorance alone can make one wonder too long. Nothing has disproved my assertion that all the dire events in this diabolical affair have chiefly been due to the prevalent atmosphere of a blissful ignorance in your land. People, many a a time, ignore the impossibilities of what is given out to be the truth by some interested persons. And the result is a huge swindle and heinous crime. If our lives are not to be any more endangered at the hands of vile and monstrous cheats, what we stand in urgent need of is to develop them with more and more useful knowledge. Let us proceed by compromise and not by flinging stones at others who differ from us. That is the very reason why

I have expended all the illegitimate fortune of my father on the noble cause of erecting a temple of woiship to GANESHA, the lord of Knowledge. Let at least the imposing mansion, where the god resides, stand to influence our future generations. Whatever the lot that is in store for us, let not posterity be duped any more. And, to tell the truth to those few that may perchance in future ages walk past the hallowed spot of this temple, there lies under the seat of the god, hidden deep, the short history of its existence, the very story you narrated to me when I turned you out. Surely, the hand that rakes up the ruins after thousands of years shall see this too, the history of the *temple* inscribed deep on two long, black slabs Perhaps then, some one of the succeeding age will think that I had done the right thing".

"The story of your NOBLE ABDICATION will sound in the dim corridors of the dark ages to come. Your name will be revered. You ought to be deified. And I will surely rejoice. I will be happy even in hell then," replied Susheela, much moved by the grand demeanour of Dharmeswara. "The King, the Queen, the old Queen mother Leelavathi, all are to be present on the auspicious occasion, when the stately Ganesha shall be respectfully installed. The royal group shall leave the temple with newly-acquired wisdom. They shall be reminded of their immediate past. They shall have their vengeance verified and I shall be the victim to be experimented upon first, with you to follow," concluded Dharmeswara.

"Do you mean then to tell them about the vile deeds of Leelavathi and Artheswara. A capital idea! The whole world shall know the wise truth. I am glad, though dread times await me."

VIII

What follows is but a shrewd conjecture. Mr. K, after long scrutiny into the details of every broken pillar and shattered stone, had succeeded in spotting a short proclamation running to but two lines, set on a small slab scattered to smithereens. It was a severe injuction, disobedience of which meant wilful courting of death. It read that the temple built by Dharmeswara, the unworthy son of Artheswara, the late saintly high priest of the royal household of Radhapura, was to be left alone to wear away with time. No attention whatsoever was to be bestowed on it. No prayers were to be offered within its precincts. Anyone going contrary to the order was to suffer grave punishment.

Perhaps-so concluded Mr. K-that was the effect of the infurited madness of Rajeswara, instigated by old Leelavathi who thought that their honour was at stake, if they allowed the work of the traitor to remain and see it gloriously welcomed and largely appreciated. Its presence would mean a standing reproof to their guilty consciences. The fear of dire results must have prevented

their hasty demolition of the mighty edifice. The fear of heaven, by whom-ever installed, must have frightened their Hindu minds. What became of Dharmeswara and Susheela is beyond even surmise. As expected by themselves, Dharmeswara must have rotted in exile, while beautiful Susheela groaned in abhorrent captivity, waiting to be rescued. This much can be affirmed; that Dharmeswara escaped the gallows because he was a Brahmin, and Susheela, because she was a woman.

The stately ruins alone stand to bring back their memories. The long inscription alone rests to narrate their sorry tale. The rest is all mute admiration from the good-natured, a topic for discussion to the academician, and an object for dissection to the archaeologist.

M. A. SUBBARAM.

"AN IDEAL."

"HULLO, Harit, what have you been doing so long? Have you not to go to college? What! Are you busy with your useless paintings again?" Mohan roared.

Mohan, the elder brother of Harit, was a little-educated, practical man of the world. He believed that the present age was the age of learning, and that learning could only be accomplished by attending to school and college studies.

Harit was of an utterly different temperament, a careless, happy-go-lucky youth. His feet were as if above the earth, the practical wisdom of the world could not touch his mind. He never cared for so-called studies, for he had a greater thing to devote himself to, and that was the art of painting. His imagination had such a full scope in this art, that he felt disgusted with the tiresome studies of Mathematics and Physics.

At the moment Mohan called to him, he was busy sketching out the picture he had just commenced. Every touch of his quill had meaning. He had an extraordinary good hand at drawing; and, when he was trying to produce his pictures, he felt he was in some new world, which had for itself all ideals with no materialism in it. The new world that he created had real life and personality, while the world around him was as if dead to him.

He had chosen a most bewitching position from where to execute his pictures. It was a small wood; the cool-shade of big trees darkened the place. In the middle, there were beautiful rose and *mogre* plants, which scented the air around. On three sides, there were creepers of *Jai*, *Chameli*, and on the fourth there was a gate, not of ghostly iron, but of simple wooden work. Though Harit had no love for education, he was in awe of his

brother who thought his time wasted in pursuit of such worthless things, as pictures. The latter believed Harit's paintings to be useless scratches which were not worth the canvas on which they were rendered. His sister-in-law took great interest in his work, but she explained to him that studies were as essential.

"Harit", again Mohan called to him. Harit came; but, fully absorbed in his new creation, he did not care to listen to the great sermon that his brother preached to him.

Mohan was eager to see his brother finish his studies and get married, even more so, as all parents who had daughters had informed him that it was time for him to choose a bride for his brother. His own wealth and his social position attracted many prospective brides for Harit.

Harit sat down to take his meal. His sister-in-law got an opportunity to tease her young brother-in-law.

"Look sharp, else you may swallow even the flies that are flying beside your dish."

"Oh, why do you talk like that, Bhabhi?" He awoke as if from a reverie.

"Did you hear what your brother said? Now you have to think of your marriage, so you should come down from the world of imagination, and these paintings should be put away on a shelf, otherwise it will be a hard task for your wife to bring you down to this earth."

"Shall I be guided by her practical reason, or should she follow my ideals, Bhabhi?

"Women are dolls, and must dance at your sweet will, eh.!"

"When did I say that? But, I shall marry only when I find a girl with my ideals."

"Oh, shall we send word round the whole caste that parents, who want to marry their daughters to my brother-in-law, should educate them according to his views and then make a Swyamvar, and let the choice fall upon a lucky girl. The efforts of others will be in vain. Alas, poor parents!"

"Bhabhi, do you mean to suggest that I should marry any butterfly who comes and sticks to my money. I don't care so much for married life."

Harit went to his college. His sister-in-law, after finishing her work, went out to the garden to see what her brother-in-law had been painting.

Harit had a natural gift. His whole life was as if devoted to this work. His pictures were fully life-like and were improved by the scenery around. The creepers around him gave grace to his pictures. The trees gave majesty to his figures.

Sarla stood near his stand. On the canvas was drawn a fine picture of a woman. She was more majestic and commanding,

than beautiful. She was taller than any ordinary girl. She had a beautiful waist and a symmetrical figure. Her eyes were tender and at the same time sparkling with intelligence. A sweet smile was on her lips, a smile, which could attract, without expressing a desire to flirt, for it meant a love for humanity, which was awe-inspiring.

She was tastefully clothed, which added to her beauty. Her dress indeed showed Harit's great artistic sense, for it did not belong to the modern age, but had all the style and colours of the old Indian civilization. Beautiful colours of blue, orange, green and silver adorned her so well, that she shone like the morning sun playing upon the green creepers. She was sitting in a reclining position, absorbedly playing on her Satar.

Sarla stood struck by this ideal of womanhood. Where was such a girl to be found in the whole Brahmin caste? Where was such intelligence to be had? Where could one find such love for music in this dark reign of illiteracy?

Sarla pondered and wondered. She was so deep in her thoughts, that she did not hear Harit's footsteps. He stood quietly by, watching his sister-in-law gaze at the picture.

Sarla turned to go into the house, murmuring something. The best thing for him was to remain unmarried. He had been contemplating a most cultured girl of ancient India, while he had not the slightest idea that the same India was today in the most ignorant wretched condition.

"Hullo, Bhabhi, what are you so deeply thinking of on this hot afternoon. How do you like my picture?"

"Whose painting is it?. Is she a college friend?"

"Well, Bhabhi, to tell the truth, I have no idea whether she is a being in existence, or otherwise. She is a creature of imagination. I wonder whether God has created one of that type, or not."

"Whether such a girl is born or not born, should not matter much to you."

"Well, for months you have been teasing me with talk of marriage, and so I have created a girl to show you my love for womanhood."

"Oh! if such a one is not born, what will you do?

"Then, is it a necessity to tie me down to any worthless butterfly?"

"Haritbhai, it is all right now when you are young. After some time, you will feel that you are homeless without a wife."

"Well, if I feel lonely, I shall devote myself to my art. When I require a friend, you are ever there to fill that place."

"Haritbhai, why not marry any girl and make her the woman of your ideals?"

"Do you mean to say that every one should take a ball of mud and prepare his own pots, so to say?"

"Then, wait in anticipation of eternity, sighing over the past civilization of India, until you have attained your ideal."

"It is better to die a bachelor, rather than marry a stuffless woman, a woman without personality, a woman who has no opinion of her own. The woman who, instead of fighting her way through the world, gets crushed down under the heavy burden of life, is not one to be admired."

"The woman, who has power in her, who surmounts difficulties, who can easily win a man's heart, and who directs and guides him without imposing her vanity on him, who cares for her children and can train each one to be strong and healthy and cultured in order to be a citizen of his motherland, who loves her children but does not spoil them by her love, is really a woman to become a partner in life. Of course, there are several spheres of public life. She may select such as suit her and work for the uplifting of her sex and be of service to humanity."

"Oh, I congratulate you upon your ideals and wait impatiently to see what sort of wife you will get."

KANTA KHANDWALLA.

OUR POETRY PAGE.

EVENING.

Venetian splendours hail the evening ships,
A haze of fire hangs on the distance down,
As chrism being poured on waters, colours flow
In blending beauty, like a mist in light:
And, from the purlieus of the dying day,
The pomp of Heaven falls on a sobbing sea.

THE HILLS.

Eternal watchers of the World,
Unmoved by Life's deep murmur:
See children of the shadow hurled
By avalanche and Karma.

The fleeting scene of History goes,
But ye stand silent ever,
Above the jealousies and woes
Of Life's quixotic river.

I praise ye, everlasting hills,
  Immovable and quiet:
I love to drink your silver rills.
  And feast your heavenly diet

HERBERT PORTER.

PROVERBS FROM THE TELUGU

I

OUR VOCATION.

To the silken lotus floating on its pool
There is no dearer friend
Than the dazzling golden sun.
But when the flow'r is taken from the cool
Waters, then its end
Is nigh, for now the sun
Becomes its greatest enemy,
And the petals wither one by one.

Even so, we must not try to leave
The place where we belong;
For, if we strive to soar
Too high above our sphere, we'll soon perceive
That friends, who used to throng
Around us once before,
Will prove to be our greatest foes,
And we'll perish on an alien shore.

AN INDIAN GIRL.

IN MAN'S REALM.

SHOULD COURTSHIP PRECEDE MARRIAGE ?

A REPLY.

The article by "Sour grapes", on "Should courtship precede marriage", stimulates me to attempt a reply to it.

"Sour grapes", assuming that parents are better equipped to choose wives or husbands for their children than the children themselves, proceeds to discuss courtship, marriage and the sex complement with mathematical precision and cold-blooded logic, and, as far as I can see, concludes that the arranged marriage is the most successful, and courtship more or less a curse. His arguments do not convince me, perhaps because I am lucky enough not to be a logician, or a believer in the dry-as-dust theory that romance is a myth.

"Both statistics and my observations show that, in the same strata of society, there are as many or a greater number of happy marriages in India, where marriages are generally arranged by others, as there are in England or America, where the parties are supposed to select each other," says "Sour grapes." I would hesitate to draw any conclusions about the married happiness of others, from my own observations or from statistics. Suppose I am invited to tea by a married couple; I find myself in jolly company with other guests and my host and hostess; things run very smoothly, the husband and wife speak sweetly to each other. From this, how can I possibly conclude that these two are happy in their marriage? It is bad taste to thrust family troubles before the public. What guarantee is there that, the moment the guests depart, husband and wife are not hurling abuse and invective at each other? None of us can possibly find out whether others are really happy in private life, and it is the home happines of married life that really counts. What can stastistics tell us? "Sour Grapes" has probably counted the number of legal seperations and other cases arising out of family disunion, and concluded that marriages are happy in India, because such cases are few in number. We in India are at present against legal separation, because some of our religions have prohibited it, and because most of us have been trained through centuries to regard divorce as annathema. Divorce in Europe and America is so common, because of the ease of getting it and the gradual indifference of public opinion to it. Suppose, today, we in India give our men and women the same chances of getting a divorce; suppose the stern parent, with his pugnacious determination to meddle in the affairs of his children, with his old-fashioned idea that they owe obedience to him in all things, and with his blind slavishness to custom and usage, is suddenly suppressed, and the younger married generation is free as air to do what it likes? Can we doubt that there will be as many, if not more, divorces in India as anywhere else? We, young people, have been trained and bullied for thousands of years to submit to the will of our parents. We have been made to accept the wife or husband chosen for us. We may be happy or not, it does not matter. So we run on, smoothly enough to the gaping crowd; but, who can tell of the mountain of misery beneath? A girl of twelve is married to a man of fifty by advertisement. Are many such marriages happy? Can we know of the unhappiness that may exist beneath? Give this girl a free chance to divorce her husband, and then base your conclusions on married happiness on statistics

"His father undoubtedly should be wiser than the young man. Therefore, on the assumption that the parents act purely in his interests, they are more competent than he is to find a suitable bride," declares "Sour Grapes."

I question the whole of this statement. The wisdom needed for marriage selection must be of a peculiar type. The father, who has generally passed his prime of life, views things through the cloud of age. He is primarily concerned with the economic prosperity of his children, and of their social status. The bank balance of his son-in-law and the appointment he holds weighs more with him than character. A man, who is well educated, rich and influential, is *prima facie* considered eligible; I doubt if an old parent is really capable of estimating, or correctly judging, whether a man and a girl are temperamentally suited to marry each other with real success. A father tends to forget that after marriage he will have little or nothing to do with his son-in-law or daughter-in-law, whereas his daughter and son will have everything to do with them.

"What is this romance? A man takes a fancy to the nose, mouth, or eyes of some girl, or perhaps her sari or frock, and starts making love to her," declares "Sour Grapes". Yes, what is this romance? No one knows how to describe it properly. There are no mathematical facts to base our reasons upon. We must go by intuition and feeling only. So, the cold-blooded mathematician refuses to recognise romance......till he himself falls in love, perhaps! I shudder when I think of what this world will be without romance. All our poets will have to accept 'the dole.' Our literature will practically vanish. The foundations of all real happiness will become undermined. The exquisite joy of courtship is a great and beautiful thing. It gives those who are lucky, moments of concentrated happiness which will colour the whole of their lives. What if there are a few tragedies arising out of courtship? There are tragedies everywhere.

The duty of the wise parent is to train his children to act correctly and well in all things; to be the adviser and guide of his children and to invite their confidences and trust when they grow up. When a parent declares that his children are unfit to choose mates for themselves, he admits that he has been a gross failure as a parent.

These are my views. They may not be acceptable to many. But, to me, "It is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all."

W. R. S. S.

FRIENDLY CHATS

WHY SHOULD NOT INDIAN WIDOWS MARRY AGAIN?

THE modern Indian woman, on reading the title of this article, will at once say; "Of course Indian widows should

marry again. It is absurd to ask such a question." And, on the whole I am inclined to agree with her. But, to advocate widow-marriage is one thing, and to see it carried out is another thing. As everyone knows, it is an everyday occurence in India, for girls to become widows long before they have even reached the happy age of twenty. In olden days, these poor girls used to be kept entirely secluded from the enjoyments of the world; for with the death of their husbands, their own interests in life were regarded as *nil.* Now, however, thanks to our ardent reformers, the spirit is changing, and a widow is beginning to be realised as more and more a human being possessed of as much of the natural craving to taste the experiences of life, as her happily-married sister, whose husband is still alive. Hence, we see widows crowding colleges and schools. Their idea is not to get married again, but to work and be independent, like most other modern girls. In fact, this idea of working is so rooted in their minds, that parents and orthodox relations have come to regard it as inevitable, and no longer grumble at allowing the young widows in their families to go to women's Colleges, and live in Hostels.

It is, however, strange to notice, that, in spite of this great progress in thought that widows should be educated, still, many think it incorrect for widows to marry again. Even the widows themselves, however much they may wish to marry again, probably think their conduct would be more virtuous, if they did not marry. Re-marriage, they feel, is going too far. Perhaps, the fundamental idea is that they should be faithful to their first husbands. Thus it is that there are many widows, young and beautiful, and full of the zest of living, who look aghast when anyone suggest that they should marry again. It does not matter if they were married when only seven or eight, and have never lived with their husbands. It does not matter if they have hardly even seen him; they hold their marriage ties as sacred, and think it is wrong to look on another man.

One day, a young widow, while speaking to me about her past sad life, said ; "I was married when I was only eight, and after the ceremony, I never saw my husband, for I stayed on with my parents—and then, one day, I was told that my husband had died, and I was a widow."

And so, she was just banned for ever from the hope of enjoying a married life ; and, in time to come, she went to College, and struggled through her examinations ; for she was not very intelligent. She would probably have made a much better housewife than a student ; and still, because of a ceremony which took place when she was a child, and of which she did not even know the significance at the time, she could never marry again, or if she did, her whole family would disown her.

Such is the fate of many girls in India of today. I shall repeat another conversation I had with another young widow, which will give you her point of view.

She came running into my room to ask for something, and I, forgetting that she had ever been married, cried ; "Well Miss, what do you want ?"

Then she suddenly turned round, and looking at me with tragic eyes said, "Don't call me *Miss*. Don't you know that I have already been married, and am now a widow ?"

"Oh, sorry, old girl," I replied (we were but students); "I quite forgot "

And then, we had an argument over the subject, and I finally found out from her that, although she herself did not mind the idea of marrying again, she dreaded the fact of its causing unhappiness to her whole family, for she thought they would never understand. They were too immured in old-fashioned customs even to allow such a thing, and they would probably disown her if she contemplated the step.

Thus, then, it is an undeniable fact that orthodox parents are against widows re-marrying, and, if a girl is bold enough to take the step, she has to have the courage of facing the opposition of her relatives, and breaking away from her home-ties, which is indeed a very hard thing to ask of an Indian girl, as she is naturally very affectionate and has a deep respect for her parents. Alas, that parents should be so blind and hard-hearted as to close their eyes to the happiness of their daughters, and only pay court to the dreadful habit of adhering to customs and old-world superstitions.

Another difficulty in the way of a widow remarrying is the fact that it is hard for her to find a man, who is willing to marry her: In India, most marriages are arranged by the parents or guardians, which becomes impossible in the case of widows, as the parents themselves are against her re-marrying. And therefore, unless a man happens to meet a widow and fall in love with her, she is unable to secure a husband. Also, many Indian men have not yet reached that high standard of sentiment, when they marry merely for the sake of love They far prefer to have a secure dowry, and be sure of the good-will of their parents. Thus, they seek young unmarried girls, and widows are left alone to study and try to make the best of a bad job. Poor things ! What is the world to them but an extensive convent, wherein they do their little best to make others happy, and lead lonely desolate lives themselves.

I once heard an eminent political leader imploring men-students to make up their minds to marry young widows, and face the anger of their parents. But, such words usually fall on deaf ears, or rather, they enter through one ear and come out by the other. Few

are the men, who do not wish to further their own selfish aims and ambitions—and so, life goes on—and every year the number of widows increases—sad, lonely women, who pass through this world as pilgrims anxious to reach the next realm.

Yes, our Indian widows should marry again ; but it is hard for them indeed, and happy is she who finds a courageous man who steps forward from the ranks and wishes to be her husband.

"AMICUS."

OUR CHILDREN'S PAGES.

1. MORAL TALES

(A) THE TRAVELLERS AND THE OASIS.

A CARAVAN travelled wearily through a great desert. To the travellers, burning sand and a scorching sun seemed the only powers in existence. The travellers and the camels were oppressed by the tedium of the journey. Such labour under the blazing tyranny of the sun seemed to threaten disaster even to such stout hearts and bodies of endurance as these. Away in the distance looked to be their desired haven of peace and quiet waters. With aching limbs and parched mouths, they pressed on to the goal of rest and refreshment However, as they neared the spot which had appeared to be an oasis, it proved to be but a mirage. So the men and beasts laid themselves down in misery and fatigue—their water was almost gone and their lives became imperilled. On a sudden, one of the fellows divined the real oasis, and the party pressed on thither, with the best speed they could muster. On arrival, their joy was complete, for, there, to their relief, were palms and water, and this little place of greenery proved a true Heaven. So the Caravan rested and drank of the refreshing waters and was restored in body and mind.

MORAL: In Life, there are many mirages. Often in our journeyings, we mistake the unreal for the real. But there is no peace or refreshment, un il we find Truth.

(B) THE TOAD AND THE BUTTERFLY.

An ugly toad sat in a field, wondering what Life really meant. He had hopped about for days, staring at things in general and getting food as he felt hungry. He looked up from the place where he sat, and espied a most gorgeously coloured butterfly. To this ugly toad, which had power only to hop, the butterfly appeared as a spirit angelic. The toad looked and looked at the lovely thing before him—he was magnetically drawn and could hardly remove

his gaze. "Why do you sit and stare at me like that?" asked the butterfly. "O," replied the toad, "I was just admiring your great beauty and thinking how lamentably ugly I am!" "Well," said the butterfly, "I think you are very stupid and dense to think such silly thoughts. I was once quite as ugly as you, and had much more restricted liberty, for I could do nothing but crawl and eat leaves. You just keep on doing the best you can in your present form and Nature will be kind to you when you leave your present prison-house. I happened to be born into this world when I got my wings and changed from a silly crawling chrysalis. The toad laughed, for he could not believe anything that the butterfly said, for he had had no experience of such things.

MORAL: Life is a great mystery. Forms change. Truth is hidden. The senses show us an illusory Universe. We are so dense that we can scarcely believe what lies behind the physical world. We doubt even those who have seen.

(C) THE SNOW-FLAKE AND THE SUNBEAM

It was a cold morning and snow covered the frozen Earth. A lovely picture it was—the hills, covered with white, reared against a cold, blue sky. The sun had just come up above a distant hill, and sent forth his bright beams to warm and to cheer! Presently one of the sunbeams fell upon a lovely diamonded six-ray starred snow-flake of the most exquisite beauty, for it was chiselled in fine filigree. In a second the glorious bit of beauty melted and the form of wonder vanished. "You wicked sunbeam, to destroy so glorified a creature of Nature as that divinely-made snow star!" said the lady artist who had stood in raptures, gazing at that thing of infinite beauty. "Nay," said the sunbeam, "for if my Master, the Sun, withdrew me, the earth-temperature would fall so quickly that you too would probably perish."

MORAL: Never question the Mind behind the Universe! "All's love, yet all's law!'

HERBERT PORTER.

2. OUR LETTER TO OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

Dear Children,

I lately came across a charming little book called, "Stories from the Ballads," by Mary Macgregor. I wonder if any of you have already got this book. If not, it will be worth while buying. Ask your father to give it to you as a birthday present. I am sure he will only be too pleased to do so. I shall tell you the first story, called "The Young Tamlane," so that you may see for yourselves how charming the stories in the book are.

Once upon a time, a famous knight and his lady had a little son called Tamlane. On the child's ninth birthday, his Uncle came to him and said he would take him out hunting, as Tamlane was now old enough to go out with him. The boy was overjoyed at this proposal, and soon, the two went riding away over the moors. But the wind was strong, and Tamlane grew colder and colder, until at last. he could ride no more, and letting his reins drop, he dropped to the ground and fell fast asleep. Then, the Queen of the Fairies came and stole him away, and made him her favourite knight, and Tamlane was lost to the mortal world.

In those days, fairies used to haunt hills and dales, and Tamlane became a little elfin knight among them. A place which the fairies loved was the plain of Carterhaugh, and so full of mischief were these little folk, that mortals were actually afraid to go to Carterhaugh. Tamlane was feared the most by human beings, for he had a strange habit of casting spells over maidens and children.

There was a big castle a little distance away from Carterhaugh, in which a beautiful maiden, called Janet, lived. One day, contrary to her father's orders, she went to the plain of Carterhaugh, when the moon was shining brightly, and there, near a well, she found Tamlane's tiny horse standing all alone. Janet then plucked two red roses from a tree which grew near the well, and before she could pluck a third little Tamlane stood beside her, and soon, he had cast his spell over her, and the Lady Janet became his.

The maiden, therefore, was very sad and lonely, when she went back to her castle, for she longed for her fairy knight. She no longer cared for food or clothes or any other worldly pleasures, for her heart was given to Tamlane.

Then. when the moon once more illumined the night with its silvery light, the lady Janet went tripping away to Carterhaugh, and there, met Tamlane once more. He told her the story of how he had been stolen by the Fairy Queen, and how, when he was a mortal boy, he had been her little playmate, and Janet remembered the happy days when she and Tamlane had played together

"How do you like your fairy life?' asked Janet.

"I am very happy indeed. except that I am sore afraid, Janet, of an evil spirit which comes every seven years to take away a fairy on Hallowe'en day at midnight. And, it is Hallowe'en day today. and I feel it will be my turn to go next, but you can save me, Janet, if you like, and make me a mortal once more."

"How can I do that?" asked Janet.

"By waiting at midnight at the cross of Milestone. The fairy court will ride there, and you will find me in the third company,

upon a milk-white horse, with a glove on my right hand; you must run to me and hold me tight, for the fairies will be angry, and will change me into all sorts of ugly shapes. But, when I become a burning faggot, throw me into the well, and then I shall become a real human knight, and you can throw your green mantle over me."

Janet promise to do all that she was told; when the time came, she hurried to the cross at Milestone, and between the hours of twelve and one, the fairy troop came, and Janet found her knight and held him tight without fear, until he became a burning faggot, when she threw him into the well, and Tamlane once more became mortal, and turned into a handsome knight.

Thus did Janet win her lord, but great was the anger amongst the fairy folk; and especially did the Fairy Queen bewail the loss of her favourite knight

I hope you like this story.

Yours sincerely,

PADMINI.

COMMON AILMENTS OF CHILDREN.

CHAPTER XXII. CONVULSIONS.

Convulsions are fairly common in infancy and go by the name of Infantile Convulsions. Under two years is recognised as the most susceptible period. After the 7th year of life, they are very rare. Convulsions are not only more common in infancy but also much more fatal than in later life. It has been stated by some observers that male children seem to be more susceptible than female ones.

The phenomena of an attack are well-known. Sometimes, but not always, there are warnings of the approach of a fit, such as convulsive twitchings of the face, startings during sleep, inward bending of the thumbs on the palms etc., the fingers being doubled over them. But generally there is no warning and the outset is sudden. When a fit occurs, the child becomes deadly pale, the features are distorted, the eyes stare, the eyeballs are rolled about, the breathing is irregular and catching, the body becomes rigid and the hands are clenched. All this may happen in a minute or less, or it may occupy 5 minutes, a quarter of an hour, or even more. When the fit is over the child comparatively resumes the appearance of health, a perspiration succeeds and he falls into a sound sleep. In many cases, however, and specially in severe ones, the fits recur with great frequency and consciousness may never be regained.

Causes : The natural instability of the nervous centres, characteristic of early life, is a predisposing factor. Hence causes that will not excite convulsions in an adult will easily provoke them in an infant. The following conditions generally bring about fits :—

i. Onset or existence of fevers, especially when the fever runs high. In such a patient the blood gets over-heated and through it, the spine and the brain.

ii. Towards the end of any exhausting illness, such as diarrhoea, dysentry, etc. In such cases, the fits are brought about by a state of bloodlessness of the brain and form the last scene and carry off the patient.

iii. There are what may be called simple convulsions, fits occurring without the previous existence of any illness. Any of the following may bring on an attack in the young : (*a*) adenoids, rickets etc., (*b*) digestive disturbances due to improper feeding, (*c*) an approaching illness such as Pneumonia, or cerebral malaria etc, (*d*) Fright, scalds and burns, (*e*) Mental suffering or shock on the part of the nursing mother. (*f*) Worms in the intestines (*g*) Teething (*h*) children of epileptic parents, children of these who marry very early or very late in life, are said to be unduly liable to be affected.

Prognosis is always good in simple convulsions. Convulsions followed by unconsciousness should be regarded as serious. Severe and too frequent fits may end fatally, if not controlled.

Treatment. If a child is very often having convulsions, while in good health, he is probably suffering from rickets or some other removable cause. It should be sought and removed.

When a case of convulsions presents itself, it should be at once classified under one of the foregoing heads and it is an easy matter. If the case falls under No. i or ii, namely, the result of high fever or any exhaustiug illness, a tough fight for life should be anticipated, and the little patient placed immediately under a competent physician. If, on the other hand, it falls under iii. namely simple convulsions, one need not be much alarmed, but should proceed calmly to deal with the situation. The treatment in such cases consists in controlling the fits and preventing their recurrence.

A warm soap water enema should be prepared at once and while it is being got ready the child should be given a *hot mustard foot bath**, until the feet become red. While the feet are suspended in mustard water an ice bag, or cloth wet with cold water, should be applied to the head.

Foot Note.—i. Hot mustard foot bath. The water in a bucket or in any other broad vessel should be above 100 °F To it add about half an ounce of powdered mustard. The child's feet are immersed in it and hot water is added gradually, until the temperature is 105 ° F.

The enema is now given, which brings out in most children retained stools, curdled and undigested milk or undigested particles of food. The child must be starved and given only plain water for at least 12 hours after the fits have ceased. A purgative is advised soon after the enema, so that the contents of the small intestines also may be evacuated in due course

On this line of treatment alone, most children get better, but a few may require drug treatment. The inhalation of onion juice appears to be a favourite remedy in some homes, but it cannot be depended upon. Woodward's Gripe-water is a corrective and a preventive and can be used.

After Treatment. Great pains should be taken to encourage the sleep, which usually succeeds convulsions. Till sound sleep is procured, there is always immediate danger of a recurrence of seizure. The most perfect quiet should be observed. No attempt should be made to play with or amuse the child. The room should be a little darkened, and if it is night time no lamp should be placed directly opposite to the child or within its vision. The child should be put on plain water only, for 12 hours, and then placed for a few days on a spare diet; the bowels should be kept in a loose condition, by suitable purgatives. If the cause of the attack has not before been apparent, every effort should be made to discover it; and precautions against it should be taken during the remainder of childhood.

D. Kirubaimani

OUR FASHION SUGGESTIONS.

DRESS FOR THE INDIAN CHRISTIAN BRIDE

INDIAN Christians have often been blamed for following Westerners in dress-fashions, manners and customs. It is not for me to discuss the *pros* and *cons* of this ; but I do think that, in one way at least, this tendency has been shown, and that is in the dress of the bride. Time was when things were much worse, and the Indian Christian bride looked a veritable hybrid, decked out in a costume, which did not suit her race, or her type, or her colour, unless she was a very pretty and graceful girl, in which case, of course, everything would suit. But, ideas are changing, and the dress is changing, and becoming more and more what it should be, viz., of the Indian type.

I am afraid I sound unkind, when I write in this way, but I cannot help it. I think one cannot be too severe in a matter of this kind. I know that, for the Western bride herself, the costume is getting more and more bizarre as time passes by. But, it is also

becoming somewhat more graceful, and what we want in this case is beauty and comeliness, rather than fashion or show.

What I object to very strongly is the super-imposed English veil. I admit that, in ancient India, a veil for the bride, to make her more becomingly modest, is indicated; but why should it be in the English style, on an Indian dress? Why should it be bunched up over a high wreath of orange-blossoms, perched ungracefully on hair, tightly-drawn into a hard knot on the neck? It must be remembered that the Western bride wears her veil over softly-waved and loose coils or ringlets of hair; and she has moreover a *chic* way of arrangement, which does not come naturally to Indians. Besides, her complexion suits the veil, while ours does not. Moreover, the veil goes with the English costume and not with a *sari*.

If I may be permitted to suggest a dress, I would say the simpler the better. A white Benares or Indian-woven thin silk *sari*, with silver or gold embroidery lightly trailing over it, and with a wide border of the same, will be delightful. But, it must be gracefully draped and artistically tucked-in, wherever necessary; and not on the one hand, bunched out, or on the other, pulled tightly or squeezed under a tight belt of gold. In case, the Western veil is still preferred, I would suggest that the *sari* be of some English silk, bordered with Western embroidery. That concession at least will make the combination less bizarre. I do not know if I would advise colours to be worn. But that, of course, must be left to individual taste, especially as the fashion is being allowed in the West. But, I would suggest very pale colours, not bright and gorgeous stuffs, with heavy gold embroidery, as worn by many Hindu brides.

For the head, I have seen some brides drape the *sari* in the way of the Indian Christian, when going to church. But this may be objected to by some on the score, that only widows cover their heads among the Hindus, and also that it will appear too heavy for the figure from behind. In such a case, I would suggest a thin gauze scarf embroidered in the same way as the *sari* and draped gracefully over the head and shoulders and pinned prettily over the ears. Small sprays of jasmine, under this scarf will look fine, over loose soft waves of hair done in a graceful knot behind Or perhaps, there need be no veil at all, but just flowers in the hair in the usual Indian style But, please avoid the fashion of sewing jasmines to the head and the long plait behind, in the way we see in Hindu weddings, when the bride goes in procession in a palanquin, with her head so bent that very little is seen of her but her flower-decked head.

There should be. I think, as fewels as possible, and that too should be delicate ones of the Indian kind. Too much decoration

and too heavy ornamentation certainly will not suit shy, sweet, innocent brides.

As for the feet, it will be delightful if white velvet or silk, with gold or silver lace embroidery, according to the sari, be worn, with white silk stockings if desired. But, I would advise our bride to be careful, in case she chooses the English style of footwear, to be as *chic* and fashionable as possible. Flat canvas shoes, somewhat in the tennis style, with thick stockings hanging in loose folds, as I have sometimes seen, are certainly not advisable.

A bouquet of flowers in the hand would look very pleasant.

Finally, no powder on the face, and no gloves is my advice; and may I be forgiven for my point-blank remarks.

SISTER SUSIE.

OUR CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN

I. Answer to last month's queries.

How long is a mother-in-law justified in staying in her son-law's house?

To such a question, an Englishwoman would uncompromisingly answer. No mother-in-law should intrude into her daughter's house, except as an honoured and a temporary guest. She should by no means arrogate to herself the position of mistress of the new menage"

I confess I agree with this statement, and so I think will most Indians, who are educated. A young couple, just entering into married life, should be left to themselves. It does not matter if they make mistakes. They are bound to make many; they are bound to be uncomfortable and much put-out by inconveniences; they are sure to tie themselves in knots and entanglements. One reads, for instance in novels, about the young wife's troubles with obstreperous cooks. But, the fact remains that mistakes teach good lessons and are the necessary fillip to improvement. When a child begins to walk, he must stumble and fall, even hurt himself. How else can he learn to walk?

But, this state of affairs is suited to the West, where, when all is said and done, girls and young women have more grit and initiative than in the East. No doubt, this is due to the greater amount of education and experience they are allowed to get, and the wider freedom and scope to which they are able to advance. No doubt again, our Indian girls can rise to the same height,—if height it can be called. But, the fact remains that our girls are still very dependent, timid, shy and self-effacing. They have also

been married early; and, with due deference to the Early Marriage Act, will go on being married at an early age. When quite young themselves, they become the mothers of children. When mere girls, they are asked to look after stalwart husbands and manage big households;—and one must remember that an Indian home can be very large with all its entanglements of the joint-family system. Therefore, we cannot much blame the Indian mother, especially if she is a widow, if she settles herself in her daughter's house, to help her to manage well. It is the same with the son's mother. They all act with the best of intentions, and very often the young wife welcomes their ministrations. So does the young master of the house, for he finds his domestic arrangements running very smoothly. Which man is averse to comfort? Besides several of our young Indian wives begin to study really after marriage. They go to schools and colleges, leaving home and children for the old women to manage Moreover, one must not forget that even in the West, home-life is in many places being given up for hotel or boarding-house life. And surely a mother-in-law's regime is more comfortable in a way than a hotel?

But there is the want of freedom in the former. The old lady is apt to keep a critical eye on the young people, especially in India. She doubts their good intentions towards her; she is jealous of their preference for each other; she criticises the man's efforts to teach or improve his wife; she resents her grand-children being less fond of her than of their parents. An English couple will never stand this; and I do not think an Indian couple ought to either. Besides, the young husband is apt to be jealous of the invasion of his house by other than a wife; and sometimes he may unconsciously visit his resentment on his bride. The latter will be crushed between two stools; and, if she is to succeed in getting and giving happiness, she must be a woman of immense tact, which is not often the case. Moreover, she is in danger of losing her individuality. She will never get back the feeling of happy anticipation, with which she started married life. It comes but once in a life-time. Besides, the girl is apt to become slack and lazy and let things slide, when an older person manages the house for her. She will spend most of her time probably in reading trashy novels. She may come to despise and fight shy of housework, domesticity and responsibility.

Again, she will not take up the care of her children. She will leave them to older people. The result is that she is apt to lose her hold on the little ones; in Indian households, it often happens that parents are called by name by the children, while the grandparents are called "Father", and "Mother". Moreover, the children are apt to be more over-indulged and spoilt by older, than by younger, people; let alone the fact that in the former case they

will be brought up, not as young children, but as grown-up persons more or less.

It would be well if young married couples in India gave up the joint-family system and set up their own homes. Perhaps, in India, it will be advisable for the mother-in-law to set the young couple on their way for a while and then efface herself. It is hard for the old lady to let go her hold on the reins, but she has had her day, and it is time for her to retire. It will be better for her to do so with a good grace. She can try and live separate, and come as a loved visitor to the young couple. If, as it often happens, she is a dependent widow, she must learn to keep her corner.

If our young couples are not allowed to manage their own homes, how can we make self-government a success?

"MOTHER-CONFESSOR".

2. *New Query.* How much sleep do children need?

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

How to Clean pictures.

I have just come across some hints in *Spons' Household Manual*, about this subject. I shall mention a few of them, as I am sure they will come in useful to those who take a delight in having everything in their houses clear and tidy. In India, pictures get dirty quickly, and easily; and it is indeed exasperating to go into a sitting-room, which has dusty pictures hung carelessly and crookedly on the walls. The housewife ought to take great care:

(1) About the choice of her pictures. She should select good prints, and discard cheap, gaudy ones;

(2) About the cleanliness of the pictures and their freshness;

(3) About the straight hanging of them on the walls.

I shall now summarise a few of the hints for cleaning pictures,

1. *Oil Paintings* should be removed from their frames, and after ascertaining that there are no cracks due to cobwebs, or irregular edges or bubbles of colour which have burst, or parts likely to peel off, the surface should be washed inch by inch with a soft cloth dipped in some white of egg. The washing should be done with circular movements of the hand, and the pressure must be very light. If there is too much dirt, the painting should be treated with a mixture of bread, treacle, new milk, and a few drops of turpentine, applied with a soft flannel; and, after that, white of egg should be used.

2. *Prints* should be placed on a board and covered with powdered common salt, and lime-juice applied over the salt. When

most of the salt has dissolved, the board should be tilted, and boiling water poured over the prints until completely washed. Then they should be dried on a smooth surface gradually. They must not be dried near the fire, or in the sun.

3. *Frames* should be gently washed with cotton wool soaked in dissolved salts of Tartar. They should on no account be rubbed, in case the gilt comes off. Then they should be stood up and syringed with clean water and left to dry. The solution of salts of Tartar must not be too strong.

PADDY.

OUR COOKERY NOTES

FARINA DUMPLINGS.

2 scant cups farina, 1 tablespoon butter,
4 scant cups of milk and water mixed,
3 to 4 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon salt,
A little grated nutmeg, 3 eggs.

Put butter and milk and water in double boiler; when hot, add farina, stirring constantly to keep it smooth. Cook it until thick. Then put it over flame and stir until it boils Remove from stove and cool. This may be done in the morning. When ready to make dumplings, add eggs well-beaten, flour to hold together lightly and salt; a few gratings of nutmeg add greatly to the flavor. Drop by tablespoons into gently boiling salted water, and boil gently for five minutes. These are very light and nourishing. Serve chicken fricassee in the middle of a large platter and make a border of the farina dumplings. Sprinkle whole dish with very finely-chopped parsley.

MACARONI AND EGGS ON CASSEROLE

1 package macaroni, ½ cup milk, ¼ teaspoon salt,
5 eggs, 1 tablespoon butter.

Cook the macaroni in plenty of boiling salted water until tender. Two quarts of water to ½ lb. of macaroni is about right with two teaspoons of salt. Boil 20 to 25 minutes. Drain in colander and pour 1 to 2 cups of cold water through it. Butter a glass casserole and put macaroni in it. Beat eggs slightly, add milk and pour over contents of casserole. Mix lightly Dot with butter and bake until slightly browned on top. This may be served from the casserole.

CAULIFLOWER AND RICE.

Take a fine head of cauliflower with a rim of green around it.

Soak in cold water for an hour and wash it clean. Cook in boiling salted water, until tender, 20 to 30 minutes. (If a piece of stale roll is added to the water and cauliflower is cooked uncovered, there will be little odour.) Boil ½ cup of rice, taking care to have it flaky. Serve cauliflower on large platter with border of rice. Make a good cream sauce, add to it ⅓ cup grated cheese and 1 egg yolk, beaten thoroughly, and pour over cauliflower. Sprinkle rice with chopped parsley.

PUMPKIN OR SQUASH CUSTARD

2 cups strained pumpkin or squash,
3 eggs, 1 cup brown sugar,
1 teaspoon cinnamon,
2 cups milk, ½ teaspoon salt.

Scald the milk. Beat eggs, and to them add sugar, pumpkin or squash, spices, salt. Add scalded milk, mixing thoroughly, and strain into greased custard cups or baking dish. Set in pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven until firm. Serve plain or with cream. In filling the custard cups for the grown-ups, you may with to have a little more flavoring, in which case add ⅓ teaspoon ginger and ⅛ teaspoon allspice and nutmeg.

Selected From the *Parents' Magazine*

HEALTH NOTES

HOW TO BOIL WATER.

(SELECTED)

MANY a person is apt to smile indulgently or derisively according to his or her temperament, if told how to boil water. Why, everybody knows that, is the wonted reply. Yet this is far from the truth.

Many an artist of cookery will tell you that; for there is a secret in the making of tasty coffee or tea, as well as other hot drinks, free from injurious elements, and this secret does not consist solely in the use of the proper ingredients, but also to a considerable part in the manner in which the water is used in their preparation.

The kettle used only for the boling of the water must, of all things, be kept scrupulously clean, and it should be hot when it is filled with fresh water. It serves the only purpose of heating water, which is to be poured from it.

The quicker the water can be brought to a boiling point, the better it will be. In the moment, when it reaches the boiling

stage, it should be poured upon the other ingredients used in preparing the drink.

Under no circumstances should water be permitted to keep on boiling for minutes before it is used, for this spoils it and the result is even injurious and certain to cause a deterioration in the taste of the product. Through evaporation, the best parts of the water are dissipated into the air and lime and iron contents mixing with the rest get into the drink, instead of settling in the bottom of the kettle.

Many people suffer with stomach trouble as a result of improper water preparations.

For people whose appetite is very poor there is nothing better than properly boiled water cooled and taken with a few drops of lemon juice.

The Physical Culture

FASTING A POWERFUL REMEDY

The most powerful of all curative agents, especially when there is inflammation in any part of the body, is to avoid food entirely. And yet the average individual is often afraid to fast for one meal. He has to eat to keep up his strength, so he believes. But whenever he eats without appetite he is not keeping up his strength—the effects of this procedure are just the reverse. He is keeping down his strength.

So many people think, whenever they control their eating habits in any way, that they are dieting themselves. Many have the idea also that dieting must necessarily be unpleasant.

The right sort of a diet is one that tastes delicious to you. The more you enjoy the food you eat while dieting, the more beneficial it is to you and the more nourishment you are able to get out of it. It is the enjoyment of food that clearly indicates to you that it is needed by the body at that time.

The fact that you are enjoying your food further, indicates that the digestive juices necessary properly to turn these food elements into blood are being freely furnished.

Usually, a food that tastes good to the palate also tastes good to the stomach.

The Physical Culture.

ALUMINIUM IN FOODS.

Recent studies by Underhill, and others have shown that our ordinary foodstuffs contain appreciable amounts of the metal aluminium. This is quite to be expected, as most soils contain more or less clay, which is a compound of aluminium.

The analyses show a striking difference in the amount of the metal contained in various foods. For example, a pound of

onions contains three-tenths of a grain of aluminium, while a pound of eggs contains only little more than one-thousandth of a grain. Next to the onion, the cherry is richest in the metal.

Wheat flour contains about one-fifth of grain to the pound, and apples one-twenty-fifth.

The amount of aluminium in human tissue was found to differ in different localities. It is clearly established that aluminium is always found in the body in small amounts, probably not more that five or six grains for a man of average weight.

Wealth and Welfare.

THE LONGEVITY OF BIRDS.

The following amazing figures concerning the longevity of different species of birds are stated in the Wisconsin State Board of Health Bulletin : The average length of life of the wren is three years ; robin, twelve years ; blackbird twelve ; quail, fifteen ; pigeon, twenty ; sparrow, forty ; goose, fifty ; parrot, sixty ; crow, swan and eagle, one hundred.

Wealth and Welfare.

OUR NEEDLEWORK NOTES.

From the Parents Magazine

NEWS AND NOTES.

SIND WOMEN'S ACTIVITIES.

(SELECTED)

IN no part of India is women's advance more marked than in Sind, particularly in its cities, Karachi, Hyderabad, and Shikarpur. The girls' schools are everywhere crowded, the Arts Colleges have 70 Amil girls in them. Shikarpur has produced three important women workers, Hardevi Masand, foundress of the Kanya Maha Vidyalaya, Damayanti Devi who manages and finances her own school and institution from her personal funds. and Ganga Devi. Hyderabad is well-known for the rise of the Sind Women's Social Service League, and for its interest in the Women's Educational Conferences. In Karachi, there are many fine women's activities, the foremost being the Ladies' Cosmopolitan Association, which has a very imposing Club-house of its own. It has 260 members and 90 Patrons. Mrs. Rupchand Bilaram and Mrs. Homi Mehta are its moving spirits. Rs. 30,000 were collected by the former, by enlisting her friends as Patrons who paid Rs. 200 each. This sum added to Rs. 15,000 donated by a Karachi philanthropist, Bhai Naraindas Dialdas, met the cost of Building the imposing Clubhouse and the up-keep of the recreation grounds, which include three tennis courts, a fine children's playground, thoroughly equipped in modern style, and the expansion of the already good library. Women of all communities and races gather there, and it is a centre of social service and intellectual development, all aspects of life being included in the activities of the Club.

Stri Dharma.

THE WOMEN'S CONFERENCE AND MEDICAL WOMEN.

A doctor friend writes from England: "I saw the report of the All-India Women's Conference in the *Reformer.* I think they ought to have a medical sub-committee for, after all, medical, educational and social work must go hand-in-hand for a long time in village work. Its main ground for existing would be for relief of the masses, but it could also act as a responsible body and protect the interests of Indian Women Doctors. It would also be a good way of drawing medical women into the Conference, who would otherwise have the tendency to keep out of it, though most of the Indian women doctors are keenly interested in social matters." We commend this to the organisers of the Conference. Medical relief among the masses has not received the attention it deserves and we shall be glad to see the Conference take up this work.

The Indian Social Reformer.

HEALTH WORK IN THE PUNJAB.

Never, perhaps, has the Punjab seen so representative a gathering of women as that which went to see His Excellency the Governor about the proposed retrenchment in the expense of Women's Health Work in the Province.

The deputation, which was led by Mrs, Bhola Nauth, pointed to the good work done by the Health School in the past and urged the need for fully-qualified Health Visitors, who could train indigenous *dais* in the patients' homes, where their work always lay. The deputation represented that some 800 of these women were now under supervision and training, and medical women were agreed that it was quite impossible to train the indigenous dais in any hospitals.

The deputation also urged the need for a properly-qualified and experienced superviser to inspect the rural Health Visitor to give her support and protection and to help her in propaganda work. It greatly deprecated the suggestion to cut down the grants-in-aid to local centres, which employed Health Visitors. District Boards and Voluntary Committees had made great efforts to promote maternity and child welfare, but the difficulty in obtaining enough local funds might mean the closing down of many centres and the crippling of others, if the full Government aid was not continued. This grant ensured security to the work and continuity in the work. Such wonderful progress had been made during the last few years in this work (which effected not only the women and children but the whole life of the province), that the deputation felt that it must urge its claims to special support.

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